B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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Editorial Comment

The Fullness of a Life

HE called mankind brother, and to large numbers of men in the world, the news of Nathan Straus's death was as of the passing of a kinsman. . . . "Nathan Straus dead!" they exclaimed in many parts of the world, and they uttered his name familiarly, for it belonged to the household of mankind.

His obituaries were almost altogether of his philanthropies; the fact that once he was a great business man was only an incident. He had created great wealth, but the stories of his life related mainly to the generosity with which he spent it for social good. At his funeral there was no sorrowing but rather the celebration of a life that was a complete triumph.

He was a great Jew but the greater because his serving was at the common altar.

When his brother Isidor Straus and his wife were lost in the Titanic disaster, he was prostrated by a vast grief, but from his desolation he looked up and perceived a dazzling light. Seldom had he seen the hearts of mankind in such unity as that in which they had been brought together by mourning for the hundreds dead in the sea.

"All creeds now are united in the brotherhood of death!" he exclaimed. "If one could only hope for a brotherhood of life! Why do we wait for death to teach us the lesson of human fraternity?"

In his own way he had gone about to live as a member of this "brotherhood of life" which was his ideal. The infants in New York slums were his brethren and he took it to his own conscience that they perished in shocking numbers. When investigation persuaded him that this slaughter flowed from milk, he waited for no official action but took it upon himself to have milk pasteurized, to establish free milk depots in New York. He could not stand by and see this killing while officialdom pondered upon the relation of impure milk to baby funerals wending through East Side streets; he must with his own hands save some of these lives.

Long ago he put aside the business of making money. His personal needs were simple. His income went almost altogether into benefactions. From early middle-life unto his death this was his business.

"What is the worth of wealth that is not used for beneficence?" he had asked a certain other rich man.

Wherever there was social distress, there were his hands, serving. His hands did not wait for things to do, he went to seek them. One recalls that earthquake in Palestine a few years ago. The various religious sects that have interests in Palestine hastened with funds to repair their holy places. Nathan Straus was distressed that no one cared for the Arab who surveyed

the ruin of his house and camped with his family under the stars. Was not the Arab, too, one of the brethren in the brotherhood of life? So for the succor of all who were afflicted, regardless of race or creed, he sent $20,000 to Palestine.

His last years saw him establishing in the Holy City a health center that was to be the living testimony of the words of the prophet: "Have we not all one father? Hath not one God created us?" In feeble health he made the difficult journey to Palestine to dedicate this structure which he desired to be a symbol of the essential unity of mankind.

In these ways Nathan Straus fulfilled to the end of his days the mission of the Jew as a servant of the world.

His life was esteemed as a possession of the nation. Even as his serving had been without distinction, so were the tributes at his death.

Long, long ago his father came to these shores from Germany, bringing three sons—Nathan, Oscar, and Isidor. And each of these was a glamorous gift to the nation, for each of them became a flaming servant of the public good.

They came here in that time when America was proud to be the safe harbor for peoples of all nations. It esteemed the immigrant as one whose character enriched the amalgam of American life.

Old ideals fall, and today discouraging immigration restrictions would stand like a high wall to keep the Strauses out. But whose would be the greater loss—America's, or the Strauses'?

* * *

Felix Warburg at 60

LAST month Felix Warburg came to the age of 60. The devotion of this man to Jewish life has been an endless, glamorous pageant of serving and giving.

He has not been of those who sit softly in swivel chairs directing others in the field of philanthropy. This Jewish tragedy in Eastern Europe has been his personal concern in all these years and now and again he has hastened away to the scenes of desolation that he might the better serve.

His own affairs and his comfort he has put aside; he took upon his shoulders the sorrows of a people whose ways of life coursed far from his own; but they were his kinsmen.

Sixteen years ago this devotion began, with the first crack of the war. . . . The feet of contending armies trampled Jews and from that time to this Felix Warburg has been leading the Jewry of America in that amazing generosity that does not diminish even unto now.

Others may have tired. . . . The fiber of Jewish feeling is not so strong in all men that it can endure through 16 years. . . . The hearts of all men are not sensitive to a cry of distress rising and falling and rising again through two decades almost.

Felix Warburg's compassion flames today, even as 16 years ago and no year has passed without his voice being heard summoning American Jewry to renewed devotion. He calls other men to the altar and leads them with a vast giving.

Into the strifes that have from time to time rent Jewry he has never entered. There was so much to do. Why waste energy in dissension? He has gone about with sweet humility to serve. From leadership he has never derived vainglory, but he bent his neck joyously to the weight of responsibility.

A blessed life! A Jewish life!

* * *

About Retired Jews

AN enlightened practice is becoming prevalent in American Jewry: A Jewish business man has made his fortune. He says to himself: "Now I have enough wealth. What will it profit me to pursue more wealth?

"All these years I have worked for myself. It is now time that I give myself to the service of the community. The opportunity that enabled me to grow wealthy was derived from this community; my wealth came from it. Now it devolves upon me to make some return to the community."

So he retires and all his remaining years find him an active, volunteer servant of the public good.

We are reminded of the growing number of these Jews upon reading that the distinguished Jewish lawyer of New York, Isidore D. Morrison, has retired at the age of 59. Asked how he intends to spend his leisure time, he replied that he expects to be busier than ever; for all his time will be given to philanthropic and communal enterprises.

Not that philanthropy is a new experience for him. He desires henceforth to be a full-time philanthropist instead of only a part-time worker for the social good.

* * *

The Everlasting Jew

TO our mind the late Lord Melchett was a symbol of the eternal Jew. His earlier years were not in Jewish ways. This is not to say that he followed another faith. He stood rather at a distance from Judaism, and the congregation of Israel knew him little.

But many voices summon the Jew. He may not hear the voice of the baal keriya in the synagogue but he may hear the voice of the distant brother calling for bread. And he says, "This is my brother calling," and he hastens to the house of Israel to join with others in order that the distant brother may be fed.

Or he hears the voices of his fathers adoring the timeless dream which is in Eretz Yisroel. And he turns from his path to walk with his brethren whose faces are turned eastward and to lift the shield of David and to give of his means to the end that he may see Palestine restored in his time.

These latter voices Alfred Mond, who was to become Lord Melchett, heard in the latter years of his life, and he followed them with burning zeal. In these years he arose to an outstanding place in the Jewry of the world, gave generously of his wealth to the development of Palestine, exerted his vast power for the good of Jewish life in the ancient land.

We are told by the London Daily Telegraph that "Sh'ma Yisroel" was on his lips when he died. He was buried with traditional Jewish rites in the non-Jewish cemetery where the family mausoleum stands. All present wore hats, his son and heir recited kaddish, his daughter Lady Erleigh saw to it that his head rested on a handful of Palestine earth.

The everlasting Jew, it seems, is a man with a heart that has more than one door. If Judaism can not enter one door it finds admittance through another. He is a man whom a variety of cords attach to the house of Israel. One breaks but another holds him.

For these reasons he is everlasting.

The Timeless Drive Goes On

IN a time of unparalleled economic distress $2,000,000 was raised among the Jews of the United States for rehabilitation in Eastern Europe and for the rebuilding of Palestine.

This comes from the heart of a Jewry that has been giving for 16 years without stint.

This past year they gave from shattered fortunes, gave from diminished incomes, gave for the bread of far-off brethren, even while they gave also for the hunger of their neighbors.

The $2,000,000 raised among American Jewry in such a time as this is an amazing manifestation of the renewing devotion of the Jewish heart to Jewish life.

The contract by which the Joint Distribution Committee and the Jewish Agency conducted their drives together has expired and during the coming year they will make separate campaigns. Already the year's campaign of the Joint Distribution Committee is under way; Rabbi Jonah B. Wise of the Central Synagogue, New York, son of Dr. Isaac M. Wise, has been named head of the campaign. Shortly the date of the Agency's campaign is to be announced.

The need increases. The telegraph brings daily news of dreadful happenings in Poland. Even the richest among Jews have fallen to ruin these past months. The beginning of the new year witnessed the bankruptcy of hundreds of Jewish merchants and manufacturers. Bad enough is the economic distress of all Poland but worse it is for the Jew. He is oppressed by special taxes and many failed to resume business this year because they were unable to pay the license fee by which they are enabled to engage in business.

So the hearts of American Jewry are to be summoned again for a devotion that is already historic.

* * *

The Expulsion is Canceled

ONE reads an announcement that for practical purposes means little but which carries the ironic laughter of history. It was an item small enough in the newspaper, at the bottom of a column: "The Spanish government has issued a circular note to all of its consulates abroad which in effect favors the reimmigration into Spain of Jews of Jewish origin."

This, in effect, cancels a decree issued from the palace of Alhambra in Spain on March 30, 1492. By this decree of Ferdinand and Isabella the Jews were expelled from Spain and the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, which were Spanish possessions. Any Jew who remained in Spain after July 30, was condemned to death or baptism.

Prominent Jews offered the king a substantial sum to revoke the decree and he might have yielded had not at that moment the fanatic Torquemada entered and demanded of the royal pair whether they would betray the Lord for money, like Judas.

It was rather a profitable expulsion for the Spanish crown, inasmuch as the Jews were not permitted to take with them either gold or silver or coin; they must deposit their gold and silver with the state and accept drafts instead. These drafts proved to be scraps of paper, for they were seldom honored.

So the Jews departed save for the few who took baptism. "We will go in the name of the Lord," said the faithful. On the day of their going they assembled in their cemeteries and threw themselves with lamentations on the graves, to bid farewell to their beloved.

It was a powerful Spain that did this to the Jews. The Mohammedan power that had wrought a glittering civilization in Spain had been uprooted and in January of that year the Christians Ferdinand and Isabella had entered Granada, the Moorish Capital, and had set the cross on the Alhambra. They were resolved to be rid of Jews as well as Mohammedans.

It is a feeble Spain which, after 438 years, invites the Jews back to its soil. The glory that was Spain's is of the dust, its far-flung possessions have been lost; the tyranny by which it thought to maintain its power reduced the empire to a third rate kingdom. The peoples it oppressed destroyed it.

The Jews whom Spain expelled and scattered over the earth remain an empire of the spirit that has not fallen apart even though Jews are settled in the farthermost reaches of the inhabited world. The Jew in San Francisco knows his brethren in Warsaw; the Jew in Hong Kong weeps for his slaughtered brother in Hebron.

History laughs. * * *

The B'nai B'rith in China

WE read that in Shanghai, China, B'nai B'rith is performing its historic function as the meeting ground of all varieties of Jews. The Jews go their various ways in the world—one to the Reform temple, another to the Orthodox shule; one is of the Germans and another of the Russians, the Poles or the Roumanians; one adheres to Zionism and another adjures all nationalism save that which is of the country in which he lives. And even when Jews die they go in divers ways to the grave, for they have as many cemeteries as they have varieties of synagogues.

But two evenings a month the feet of many Jews in many communities go in one direction. In the B'nai B'rith lodge all differentiations fall away. Where is the Reform Jew? He sits with the Orthodox, pondering with him on the common problems. Where is the Zionist? This night his interests are with the non-Zionist or even with the anti-Zionist.

B'nai B'rith is the common denominator of Jewry, and so it is all over the world. So it is in Shanghai.

In Shanghai has lived a Jewry that came there as early as 1845 from Bagdad. They are of the proud Sephardic group whose ancestry runs back to Spain. Then, in recent years, there came to Shanghai numbers of Jews from Russia, fleeing from the upheaval of the revolution.

These were Jews of a different culture, of different ways. Even in their synagogue ritual they were different. They established their own synagogue and went their own way and between these Jews and the older group there was little or no contact.

Then the B'nai B'rith came to Shanghai. It summoned Jews to join together as brethren, sons of the covenant. It called the Sephardic Jew and the Ashkenazic Jew and caused them to know each other as Jews in the meeting place of B'nai B'rith.

So that George Sokolsky, editor of the "Far Eastern Review," former President of Shanghai Lodge No. 1102, said in an interview recently: "Of late, closer relations exist between the two groups (Sephardic Jews and Russian immigrants). The establishment of a lodge of the B'nai B'rith in Shanghai has done much to bring together the Sephardic and Ashkenazic elements of the Shanghai Jewish community."

Fifty Years of Jewish Immigration

By HAROLD BERMAN

THE Jewish population of America in 1880 was about 100,000 in a total general population of perhaps 70 to 75 million — a percentage even less than the famed one-half of one percent of the Volstead Law. A few thousand of these Jewish settlers were the descendants of the early Portuguese and Dutch Jews, who immigrated into the country in Colonial days, who numbered about 4,000 towards the end of the eighteenth century, and who, by 1880, might have multiplied to perhaps three or four times that number. The greater portion of the others was composed of the successive waves of German immigration that began arriving in America in the early 1830's and kept coming in even greater numbers as the successive revolutions in the various German states failed and as the political position of the Jews in them declined in proportion to the triumph of reaction and the resumption of Jewish persecution in them. The East European Jew was present here at the time in totally insignificant numbers, small groups or communities being found here and there in the larger cities, but far too few in numbers and too poor in worldly goods to exert any visible influence upon the surrounding economic, social, or political life in the country of their adoption. Moreover, they still considered themselves as strangers, and were not to feel at home until after the lapse of many more years.

In March, 1881, the moderately liberal-minded Czar Alexander II was assassinated by a revolutionist's bomb thrown at him as he was riding in his carriage through the streets of his capital. Alexander II, named the Czar Emancipator by the Russian historians, did indeed deserve this appellation to some extent. He freed the millions of serfs who up to his day had been the chattels of the land-owning nobility. He abolished many of the more barbarous laws that his tyrannical father, Nicholas I, had introduced for the oppression of his unhappy subjects. To the Jews of his Empire, Alexander appeared as a veritable angel of deliverance by abrogating the jungle practice of abducting Jewish children and forcing them into military service and conversion, by opening the doors of the schools, the universities and the government service to them, as well as allowing the Jews to settle outside of the cramped Pale. During his benign reign the Jews of his dominions beheld for the first time the star of hope shining on their horizon. The future looked rosy and alluring.

And then came the crash.

Alexander II fell by the hand of a revolutionary assassin, and his bigoted son, Alexander III, ascended the throne. Immediately there was a complete turn about back to barbarism, tyranny for the entire Russian people, and a return to a sinister, medieval persecution of the Jews within the vast Empire. His accession was marked by wide anti-Jewish outbreaks —the beginning of the "pogroms" which have since become famous in Russia—in many parts of the country, in which Jewish homes were pillaged, women assaulted, men and children beaten up and occasionally murdered. These "spontaneous" outbreaks on the part of the populace were soon followed by the "May Laws" which deprived the Jews of their few remaining rights.

The Jewish youth awoke with a shudder from its pleasant dream. It beheld its rosiest hopes of building a future in Russia shattered forever. Disillusioned and heart-broken, they organized themselves into emigration groups, and the countries to which they went were either Palestine, where they founded some of the early colonies, or America.

These early Russo-Jewish arrivals in the United States practically all belonged to the idealistic and dreamy student type. They had absorbed (secretly, of course) the teachings of Marx and Engels, Fourier and Bakounin. Some had also participated in the Russian revolutionary movement, while all of them dreamt of a new social order and of remaking the world. And the fittest place in which to remake it, they felt, was in the new world, the world that was so young, so vast, and free from all autocracy and tyranny. Soon after their landing on these shores they set about to realize their ideals. Some of them established "communes" in the tenements of Allen and Mott Streets, in which all their worldly goods were shared in common; the scanty earnings of one were the common property of all, while they sincerely believed that this was the first step in the reconstruction of the entire social order. Others, again, settled in the colonies established for them by their earlier-arrived German coreligionists out in New Jersey, Kansas, Alabama, and other places, the soil of which colonies they went forth to till not so much as a means for earning a livelihood as for the satisfying of an ideal, an inner urge to make "an honest" livelihood from Mother Earth and to keep clear of all trade and barter, which they considered dishonest and corrupting to man's soul. The early East European Jewish immigrants will thus be seen as a truly ideal type, more in search of Utopias and unearthly paradise than just physical success.

But both of these experiments soon enough proved failures, and the members of the various "communes" as well as the colonies soon flocked to the shirt factories, the clothing shops and the cigar factories, some to emerge in later years as physicians, lawyers, journalists and editors and like intellectual professions, while the bulk went to form that vast aggregation of workers in the needle industry estimated at about half a million at its peak a few years ago. Some few others became the manufacturers, the merchants, and the labor leaders of later years. The number of those among the early arrivals who subsequently made their mark in one or other field of endeavor in their new home is legion. Most of them have done their work in this life and have long since gone to their eternal rest, but some few are still with us as reminders of a generation that dreamt great if impossible dreams and was enthusiastic for causes that were to contribute to the betterment of the lot of their fellow-men.

The settlement thus founded on ideals, dreams and the search for liberty was augmented little by little by other arrivals, not all of them idealists and dreamers, it is true, but all of them escaping from political, religious and economic persecutions and coming here in search of better conditions generally. The accession of Nicholas II in 1893 and the intensified persecution of the Jews increased largely the exodus until there were perhaps 2,000,000 Jews in the

United States at the beginning of the 20th century, most of them the arrivals and the offspring of the arrivals within the 20 preceding years. And it is estimated that the bloody outbreaks against the Jews that took place in 130 communities in 1905-6 as a result of the failure of the first Russian revolution were responsible for bringing to these shores no fewer than 1,000,000 more refugees who came running helter-skelter to the only country capable of, and willing to, give them an asylum as well as the opportunity to rebuild their lives on a healthier and freer basis.

We have sketched so far the tale of the four million or so of American Jews, how they came to be here, what brought them here, and the period of time in which this great mass settlement was achieved. This part of the story certainly is not without its interest and even romance, if you choose to call it that. But when we come to the other part of the picture—the metamorphosis of the Russo-Jewish immigrant in America in the short space of his sojourn here and his contribution to the economic and intellectual life of his new homeland, the tale becomes fraught with even more of romance and wonder, a tale to excite admiration for its quick and thoroughgoing adaptation to a new environment and the sizable achievement following as a result therefrom. It is a chapter in a long history worthy of careful study, in which a little pride would not at all be out of place.

Human history affords very few, if any, such examples of adaptability and perfect assimilation to a new environment as that of the Russian and Polish Jews in America. In 1881 they came running in harried and terror-stricken droves, all across Europe. Helpless and without means they fled across the German and Austrian borders, where they arrived in a helpless condition, without any sense of direction or means for continuing their journey, to be housed, fed, and sped on their journey by the bounty of the "Alliance Israelite Universelle" and the "Hiltsverein der Deutschen Juden." On their arrival in America they were the objects of charity of their German co-religionists, as well as of the pity of the American populace generally, which was struck with horror and indignation at this new outburst of medieval tyranny on the part of the Russian autocrats. In those days the average American, far from looking upon the Russian Jew with suspicion as a radical, a revolutionist, and a menace to the existing order, really looked upon him and his estate with genuine pity and compassion, as he always did upon those who escaped to his shores from the brutal arm of the tyrant and bigot, and he was ever ready to extend the helpful hand of brotherhood. The American pulpit and press echoed with words of cheer, love, and compassion for the Jewish refugees from the reign of terror and bigotry. That strange creature, the one hundred percenter, with his suspicion, if not hatred, of everything foreign in thought, manner, custom, or belief, hadn't been born as yet, and wasn't to be born until many years thereafter. At this comparatively early age the glow of real Americanism was still in the blood of the American people, and they responded to the pitiful emergency suddenly brought to their door in the true spirit of brotherhood, with open arms for the unfortunate victims and with ringing denunciation for their persecutors. And 25 years later, when the barbarities of Nicholas II brought another million Jews from his blood-stained dominions to these shores, there still was a friendly welcome awaiting them at the end of their tedious journey.

At that so near and yet so distant age, Emma Lazarus became the spokesman for the outraged conscience of humanity and penned her "Crowing of the Red Cock," "The Banner of the Jew," "By the Waters of Babylon," "The New Ezekiel" and other poems "aglow with a gleam of the solemn fire of the Hebrew prophets." She denounced the modern Pharoahs, glorified the martyr spirit of the Jew who at all times had chosen rather to suffer persecution than to surrender his heritage at his persecutor's bidding, and was applauded by the millions of Americans whose hearts were moved to pity at the sight of the thousands of wild-eyed men and women tumbling into the American ports. But who could have foreseen in those days the miraculous change in the situation of these refugees that was to be wrought in the space of a few brief years?

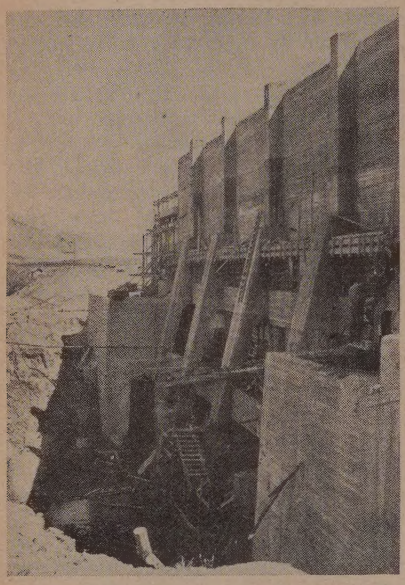
In those few years the refugees and the strangers of yesterday became the business men, the professional men, the writers, and the teachers of America. In a brief few years they built up the two main branches of the needle industry which now ranks high among American industries, and are well represented in many other industrial and commercial enterprises. Tens of thousands of these former refugees or their sons are engaged in the practice of medicine, law, and engineering, while thousands of others are teaching in the lower and higher schools of the country, including the colleges and the universities. And the change is even more striking when one takes a look at the field of journalism and letters, in which his eye is certain to meet with many names reminiscent of the East European ghetto of yesterday. In this field the Jew has helped to introduce a new, much needed temperament and tempo, a coloring and a glow which the anemic Puritan spirit prevalent in America so sadly lacked. It is practically the same in the civic and political field, in which many honorable posts are filled by the unwanted pariahs of Russia of yesterday.

There wouldn't be space enough here to enumerate the inner achievements, the changes wrought within the American Jew's life; the thousands of places of worship built by him, the community houses and centers, the educational institutions and educational systems, the schools for higher learning and all the other truly outstanding accomplishments in this and related fields that would reflect credit even upon a body settled in the land for ages. Again, when one considers that there are about as many Poles in America as there are Jews and nearly as many Italians, and then stops for a moment to compare the social and economic, the cultural and civic position occupied by the one group with that occupied by the others, he may be pardoned for indulging a bit in a metaphorical pat on the shoulder, in feeling just a wee bit of the pride of the race, or whatever one may choose to term it. Perhaps one should just pronounce the old *"Ato B'chartonu"* blessing and have done with it.

The world war that raged over half of the world for more than four long years decimated many of the old Jewries and placed the hegemony in the hands of the Jews of America. We form today not only the largest single Jewish aggregation in the world (before the war it was Russia that formed the center of gravity), but also the richest and freest group. We have shown ourselves able and willing to perform the biggest constructive job in history. The Jews of America have poured out about $80,000,000 for the aid of their brothers in all the war-stricken lands — certainly a remarkable achievement. But whether we shall be able to become also the spiritual and the intellectual leaders of tomorrow, the power that our numbers, position, and influence entitle us to, remains yet to be seen.

The Holy Land Electrified

By DR. ALFRED BONNE



View of the big central power house under construction at Tel Ur. The huge water pipes are to be placed in the openings below.

BEFORE the war one got used to speaking of the Holy Land more as a field of religious rivalries and racial disputes than as a country of interest to the colonizer. Neglected and deserted for well over 500 years of the Turkish regime, Palestine has come to be regarded merely as a land where poor pilgrims of all denominations repair for devotional purposes. Its commerce and trade were, until quite recently, so insignificant as to preclude even a bare mention in the trade journals of the world. Of industries it had none or almost none, and such industries as it had were mainly connected with the fact that the country was the center of religious attraction to pilgrims from all over the world.

All this is no more. With the advent of a western administration, with the influx of thousands of western immigrants, Palestine promises to take its due place in the markets of the world. It is beginning to export agricultural produce in large quantities, while its young industries are beginning to spread, especially in the countries of the Near and the Middle East. But in no field has the economic revolution been more noticeable than in the domain of its electrification. Electrical current was in pre-war days an almost unknown quantity in the country. Although the land contains invaluable possibilities for the accumulation of large quantities of power, Palestine was proverbially poor in anything connected with electricity. The River Jordan, known more for its religious association than as a source of electrical power, carries in the course of the year enormous quantities of water from the hills of the North to the Dead Sea, the lowest basin in the world. All this was wasted and unexploited. Before the war some of the best Jewish engineers applied their minds to a scheme for the exploitation of these waters on a large scale. The Jewish engineer, Pinchas Rutenberg, a man of unusual ability and energy, submitted to the British government early after the Armistice, a plan for the exploitation of the waters of the Jordan for electrical purposes; that plan was elaborated down to its smallest details. After many vicissitudes and not a few discussions in the press and in both British Houses of Parliament, and in the face of considerable opposition, Mr. Rutenberg was granted, on the 21st of September, 1921, a temporary concession for the distribution and sale of electrical power, which was finally ratified on the 7th of March, 1926, in the form of a concession granted to the Palestine Electric Corporation established by Mr. Rutenberg. The concession was given to the company for a period of 70 years as from March 7, 1926. Under it the Government undertook, so long as the concession was valid, not to grant any similar concession to another concern. The concessionaire is entitled to exploit the waters of the Jordan and the Yarmuk and their affluence in Palestine as well as in Transjordan, also certain parts of the Jordan and the Yarmuk rivers which are outside the area of Palestine, in accordance with the Anglo-French agreement of 1920. The work must be completed within five years, a strong penalty attaching in the event of default. The Government has fixed a price of three piastres (about 15 cents) per k.w.h. for current supplied for the lighting of streets, and one and a half piastres per k.w.h. for power supplied for industrial purposes. One of the privileges given to the Palestine Electric Corporation is its exemption from

A part of the electrification works on the River Jordon.

taxation for a period of ten years; another, is the right to import customs-free machinery and stock required for the services of the Company. These privileges are usually granted to a public utility company which is subject to the control and protection of the Government, and the Palestine Electric Corporation was declared in the Official Gazette to be such a company.

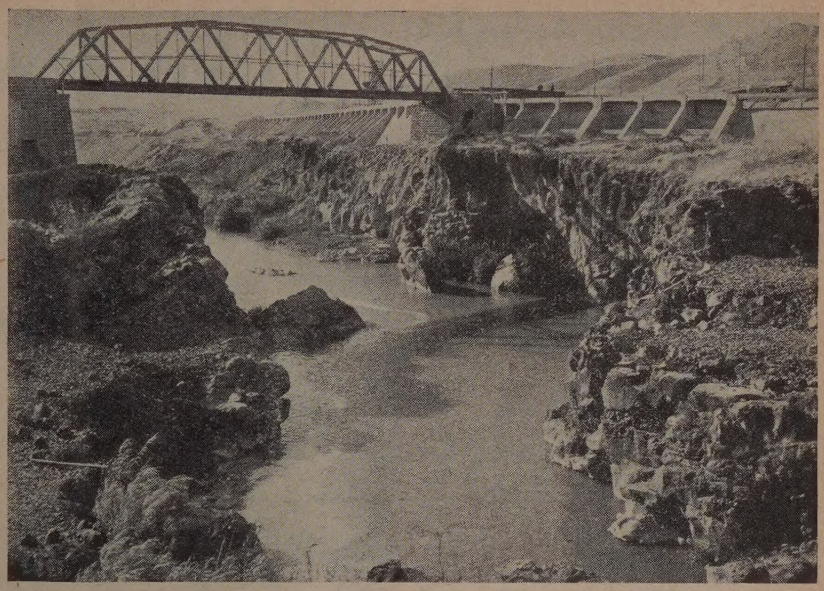
The Palestine Electric Corporation has been formed with a registered capital of one million pounds. Its head office is in Haifa. Its board of directors consists of the Marquis of Reading as Chairman, Mr. James Rothschild, Sir Hugo Hurst, and a representative of the General Electric Company as members. Considerable stock in the capital of the Company was purchased by the following Jewish bodies interested in the restoration of Palestine—the Keren Hayesod (main financial instrument of the Jewish Agency), the Pica (Palestine Jewish Colonization Association), the Jewish Colonial Trust, the late Bernhard Baron, the General Electric Company, and members of the house of Rothschild. Under the provisions of the Trades Facilities Act, the British Government guaranteed a loan not exceeding 250,000 pounds, which was granted by the Prudential Insurance Company to the Palestine Electric Corporation.

The Company at first supplied current through its local power stations in Haifa, Tel Aviv-Jaffa, and Tiberias. All these three stations operate with fuel. The supply of electricity to Jaffa is undertaken by an affiliated

company, the Jaffa Electric Company, with a registered capital of 150,000 pounds. This company supplies power to Jaffa and Tel-Aviv as well as to the rich agricultural hinterland, both Jewish and Arabic, of the two cities. The Tel-Aviv power station was established in 1922 and has 2425 h. p. It employs about 90 hands. In 1929 the total current supplied in Tel-Aviv was 2,412,000 k.w.h.; in Haifa, 862,000 k.w.h.; and in Tiberias, 241,000 k.w.h. The works at Haifa were opened early in 1925 and have a force of 1200 h. p. and a staff of 50. The smallest work is that of Tiberias, which has a force of only 150 h. p. These three works were purely temporary establishments, which will be turned into water power stations as soon as the waters of the Jordan are used for purposes of electrical exploitation.

The plant for the exploitation of the water power of the Jordan provides for three water works; the first, which is now in the course of erection, is near the Jewish settlement of Gesha on the left side of the River Jordan; the second is underneath the efflux of the Jordan from the Sea of Tiberias, while the third is between the Tiberias Sea and the Hule Lake. The first power station will exploit the water of the Jordan from Delhami to Tel-Ur, which is the terminus of the Yarmuk River, very rich in water.

The power house serves the needs of four aggregates (four turbines) with generators of 8 h. p. each, and releases the water, after its power has been exploited, through a side pipe into the Jordan. The generators generate current of 6300 volts, which is increased to 66,000 volts and distributed through high tension distribution means into the main stations established in Haifa and Tel-Aviv. The sub-distribution to the other localities is effected through a high tension plant of 22,000 volts. It is expected that the distribution of the current to the electricity works in Haifa will begin in the spring of 1931. From Haifa it will be further distributed to Jaffa. The authorities of the Company have already taken in hand the installation of the poles, which are manufactured in Palestine.



A newly-constructed bridge across the Yarmuk River. On the right may be seen the left concrete wall of the new bed of this river, just completed.

History has been made with the works, which have progressed notwithstanding the numerous difficult conditions (sub-tropical climate; the main station near the Jordan is 200 metres below sea level). The remaining stages of the system will not be proceeded with for a few years, as the Company authorities prefer to make slow but sure progress. According to the general scheme, there will be a plant of 98,000 h. p. which would compare favorably with similar electrical works in European countries.

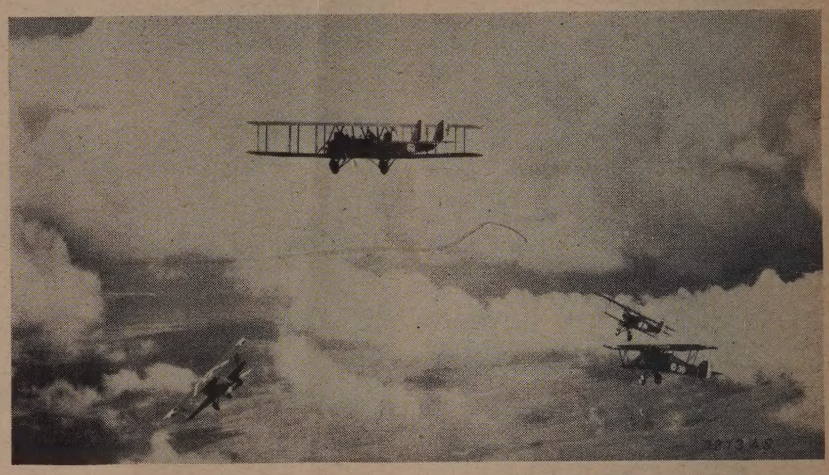
The question of the consumption of current has engaged these pioneers in the electricity industry in Palestine. The needs of the country so far could well and easily be met by the three works, which together have hardly 4000 h. p. The present demands of the country, including those of the many young industries in and around Haifa and Jerusalem, hardly call for the full exploitation of the electrical energy of the Jordan power house. One of the difficult tasks of the Palestine Electric Corporation will be, not merely to supply cheap current, but also to create sufficient demand for it by indirectly fostering the many young industries that have already developed in the country. The Company authorities, however, hope that a considerable portion of their supply of current will be consumed by the agricultural community, if and when it takes to more intensive and progressive methods of cultivation. Fur-

(Continued on Page 175)

Beth Alpha, one of the numerous Jewish settlements in the fertile valley of Jezreel which will be provided with electricity in the near future.

Two Jewish Aces

By FALK HARMEL



Official photograph, U. S. Army Air Corps.

This illustrates a modern behind-and-below attack, similar to the one to which Lieutenants Tolchan and Feinstein were subjected.

THE American plane was in a sad plight. Behind and below it, two German planes were darting in at regular intervals like venomous insects, discharging streams of leaden death from their Spandau guns. They kept just outside the range of the Americans' tunnel gun—the machine gun which, projecting through the bottom of the fuselage, was intended to protect the American plane from these dangerous behind-and-below attacks of enemy flyers.

Finally, the two attackers made ready to dart in to the kill. And just at this critical moment the tunnel gun in the American plane faltered and then failed entirely in its fire. The American pilot pulled the engine throttle wide open in a mad dash for the home airdrome. He and his observer had completed their mission and had started their return trip. They must get home! If they fought it was only in defense. The American bombing airplane was not designed for air combat operations. If the Germans cut them off, the pilot would use his guns and, if they attacked from above, the observer would use his rear guns which swung around in his cockpit cowling. But now the enemy were attacking from below, and the one weapon of defense, the tunnel gun, was out of commission. You could have bought their chances of getting home for a plugged nickel.

Meantime, the pilot kept plugging for home. What else could he do? In the rear cockpit his observer raged and frantically tugged at the lower gun in an effort to clear the jam. Moments were precious, but all his skill in manipulating machine guns proved useless in this dire emergency.

Suddenly, the observer straightened up in his swaying cockpit. There was an ace in the hole—two of them, in fact—the twin guns which swung above his head! Quickly he unfastened them from their mount. His knuckles were cut and bleeding, his finger nails torn. And then, as the confident enemy pilots pulled up within range, this American, this hero who acted like a veteran on his very first trip over the lines, jammed the muzzles of his guns through the linen fabric of the fuselage floor and let 'em have it—both guns going. Bullets zipped up through his plane, but he hung on gamely.

A streak of smoke, and one of the enemy planes faltered, then spun down in flames. The other, after a half-hearted pass at the American plane, turned tail and limped for home.

And thus did Second Lieutenant Herman Feinstein, Air Service, 166th Aero Squadron, come back to his home airdrome.

This interesting set-to between one American and two German planes occurred on the 23rd of October, 1918, when a small formation of American bombing planes set out on an air raid to Boise de Barricourt.

Several weeks later, Captain Victor Parks, Jr., the Commanding Officer of the 166th Service Squadron, in an official communication to the Chief of Air Service of the First American Army, recommended "that Herman Feinstein, Second Lieutenant, Air Service, U. S. Army, Observer, 166th Aero Squadron, be given the Medal of Honor." Captain Parks stated that "Lieut. Feinstein has made all but one raid with his Squadron over the lines. He is officially credited with one enemy airplane and unofficially with one other. He is always keenly alert and is an excellent observer."

Touching on the air raid to Boise de Barricourt, Captain Parks stated that Lieut. Feinstein displayed exceptional coolness, courage and resourcefulness under very trying conditions.

Lieut. Feinstein was one of just a few American airmen to be recommended for the highest award it is possible to bestow upon a soldier in wartime—the Congressional Medal of Honor. This decoration is given only "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty."

Feinstein, a native of Vicksburg, Miss., saw the light of day on August 8, 1891. His father, a merchant in Vicksburg, and his mother both came from Russia. Educated in various schools in his home town, Feinstein started out to learn all he could of the shoe business. Soldiering evidently appealed to him, for he served with the Mississippi National Guard, starting in as a buck private and winding up his three-year enlistment as a sergeant. He was quite handy with the rifle, and his expertness in firearms stood him in good stead in serving his country during the war.

The outbreak of the war saw Feinstein as the manager of Forst's Shoe Store in Birmingham, Ala. At that time the Feinstein family was living in Columbus, Miss. Preferring not to wait until his draft number was called, he joined the Infantry Officers' Training Camp at Leon Springs, near San Antonio, Texas, from which he graduated on November 27, 1917, and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Infantry. The flying branch of the Army held a more popular appeal for him, however, and it was not long before he effected a transfer to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps, with station at Kelly Field, Texas.

Feinstein reported at Kelly Field on December 27, and was assigned to

duty with the 2nd Training Brigade.

During the two months he spent at Kelly Field, Lieut. Feinstein's duties were those of drill instructor but, like many of his brother officers, he was shifted from one line to another so often that he had little or no opportunity to become acquainted with the men under him.

While at Kelly Field, Lieut. Feinstein happened to be quartered in the same barracks as the writer, and hence the latter saw a good deal of him there as well as at various social functions in San Antonio arranged by the Jewish Welfare Board. Of medium height and slight build, Feinstein made up for what he lacked in size by his energy and enthusiasm. Partly because of his thick mop of red hair and partly because he was a Jew, he was subjected to considerable good natured "joshing" by the other flyers quartered in the same barracks. Figuratively speaking, however, Feinstein "never got red-headed." He possessed a ready tongue, was rarely stumped, and whatever was fired in his direction he returned with interest. He took things good naturedly, and for that reason was very popular with his associates.

After a hectic two months at Kelly Field, Feinstein, on March 2, found himself transferred to the Armorers' School at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas. Here he spent a bare two weeks learning the intricacies of aircraft machine guns, when he was transferred to a similar school at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. At this school, among other duties, he took a special course in machine guns and bombs, and gained considerable knowledge in the handling of the Lewis, Marline, and Vickers machine guns.

It was late in June, 1918, when Lieut. Feinstein's craving for overseas service was satisfied, and on June 28, he found himself aboard a transport bound for Liverpool, England. Several days after his arrival at the British seaport, he departed for France, and was assigned to duty at Romorantin. Seeking active duty at the front lines as a pilot or observer, he applied for and received orders transferring him to the Pilots' School at St. Maxient. During the month of September, while stationed at the 7th Aviation Instruction Center, he was placed on various duties requiring flying. The first nine days in September he served with the 1101st Replacement Squadron and then he became a member of the 166th Service Squadron.

The 166th made its initial bombing raid in enemy territory on October 18. During the next four days it carried out various test flights, unfavorable weather conditions preventing missions over the enemy lines. On October 23, the Squadron, 13 planes strong, started on its second bombing mission, Lieut. Feinstein, on his first flight with it, being the observer in Plane No. 33050, piloted by Lieut. Alexander Tolchan. It was on the return flight of the Squadron that the enemy Fokkers attacked the formation and the fight described at the beginning of this story took place. All of the planes of the 166th returned safely to the home airdrome while two of the enemy planes were shot down out of control.

The two Jewish aces in their plane: Lieut. Alexander Tolchan in the front cockpit; Lieut. Herman Feinstein in the rear cockpit, at the guns. In the foreground is their ground crew.

Unfavorable weather conditions again interfered with the operations of the Squadron for the following three days, but on the 27th the Squadron proceeded on a raiding mission to Briquenay, Lieut. Feinstein being the observer in Lieut. Tolchan's plane.

During the period from October 28 to November 11, Armistice Day, the 166th participated in nine bombing raids and Lieut. Feinstein participated in all but one of them. On November 4, the team of Tolchan and Feinstein were officially credited with the destruction of an enemy plane in the region of Vignoul, when a formation of eight enemy planes attacked the American Squadron. The air combat occurred at 12,000 feet altitude and, as a result, one German plane went down in flames, another crashed, and still another went down out of control. Thus, Lieut. Feinstein was officially credited with the destruction of two enemy planes. He remained with the 166th until February 21, 1919, when he was transferred back to the 1101st Replacement Squadron for the purpose of transportation to the United States. Arriving at Mitchel Field, Long Island, N. Y., in May, 1919, Lieut. Feinstein applied for and received his honorable discharge from the military service.

According to latest reports, Mr. Feinstein is still in the South, wandering from place to place and utilizing his high powers of persuasion on various merchants in his endeavor to secure orders from them for goods produced by the firm he represents.

The writer nearly forgot to mention that Alexander Tolchan, previously mentioned as the pilot of the plane in which Feinstein habitually rode as observer, is also one of the Chosen People. Talking over the old War days not long ago with an Air Corps Reserve Officer, now serving an extended tour of active duty at Mitchel Field, N. Y., and who also served with the old 166th, he stated that the team of Tolchan and Feinstein was better known overseas by their buddies as "The Two Jewish Aces."

Todros Geller's Art

By J. Z. JACOBSON

"My Father's Legacy" (oil) by Geller.

SOME theorists maintain that art is an expression of the age in which it is created; some, that it is an expression of the country in which it is brought forth; some, that it is a manifestation of the spirit of the race of which the artist whose work it is is a member; some, that it is purely an extension of the personality of the individual artist; some, that it is a potent materialization of the life force through men and women selected for that purpose by nature.

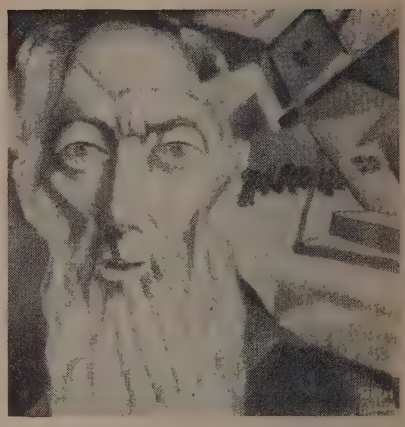
The truth of the matter is that every significant work of art contains elements bearing out each of these dictums; only in some the note of race is predominant, while in others it is the country, or the age, or the life force, or the individual personality of its creator —as the case may be.

In the paintings, carvings and woodcuts of Todros Geller, the motif, so to speak, is race; that is, the most frequently recurrent note or effect conveyed by Geller's work is, directly or indirectly, associated with the experience of the Jews as a race or people.

That such is the case is proved to a degree by the very titles and subject matter of Mr. Geller's creations. But when we come to ultimate values in art, titles and subject matter count for comparatively little. What interests us in the last analysis as regards a painting or sculpting is its significance plastically. Hence, if our premise is that the dominant note in Geller's work is its Jewishness we should look into it and see to what extent and by what means this Jewishness is made manifest plastically. That is an exceedingly difficult thing to do. For, first of all, no one has as yet evolved a universally acceptable definition of Jewishness—nor is anyone likely to before the millenium —and, secondly, even if we take for granted what Jewishness is, how it is to be expressed plastically still remains highly debatable. However. . . .

Elsewhere I have hazarded the conjecture that there is a good deal of Slavic blood in Geller which is in constant warfare with his Jewish blood, and that his imperial and ever-present urge to assert his Jewishness is a consequence of his battle of bloods. My theory is based on a knowledge of the course of Geller's life, on an intimate acquaintance with his crotchets and whimsies, and on the character of his physiognomy as well as on unique phases of his work.

Perhaps we can't come to an agreement as to what Jewishness in general is; but we can come to an understanding of Geller's Jewishness, and a recognition of what seems almost certainly Slavic in him should aid us in doing that. Moreover, the Slavic strain in addition to forcing the dominantly Judaic to the fore in our artist makes itself felt by direct manifestation. In several of Geller's early paintings the colors are largely Russian. I mean that the colors in question convey to the beholder suggestions of South Russian landscape, costumes, complexion, and general atmosphere. And the designs, too, in some instances have the rhythm of a slow-time Russian chant or folk dance, though generally Geller's forms are quite purely Jewish—ghetto Jewish, that is.



"Jewish Eyes" (oil) by Geller.

"Reconciliation Dance" (oil) by Geller.

In the works of Marek Szwarc—hammered copper and brass creations—we meet and feel the impact of the diaspora Jew, the Jew of the entire diaspora —that is, the ancient Jew who has been outwardly distorted by the narrow confines of the *Judengasse* but who is essentially still the man of Judea and can prove it if he but be given room to stretch his limbs.

In the works of Marc Chagall we encounter the Jew who has assimilated his Russian environment and has thereby distorted his Jewishness in a half-droll, half-weird fashion.

In the works of Emil Armin we come face to face with the Jew who has conquered his exile environment and has not allowed himself to become entangled in locality.

The statements regarding each of these artists could be qualified considerably, but essentially, I believe, they are truly definitive.

In the works of Todros Geller we find the Jew who is forever being absorbed by his environment and who is forever seeking a way to escape or overcome it.

The group of Mr. Geller's woodcuts which was published about five years ago in an album entitled "Yiddish Motivn" showed him to be a lyricist attaining eloquent and moving effects by means of rather broad and sweeping strokes. In the paintings which followed he employed sometimes a set of stylized designs in which arches and rounded angles played prominent roles—an alphabet, so to speak, of stylized forms similar to that which had served him so well in his woodcuts. Generally, he combined these somewhat cubistic forms with realism—sometimes dividing his pictures into sections: some realistic and some stylistic. His coloring, as I have already intimated, was in these creations largely Russian.

Then came new developments. The landscapes which he did while in Palestine as well as those representing Palestinian scenes which he completed in his Chicago studio have a realism as well as a stylization all their own. Some are notable for their delicacy of both form and color. Some, on the contrary, are rather bold and piquant. And all of them have a distinctness, a palpableness, and a surefootedness that make them markedly superior to all but a very few of the earlier works.

"Old Jerusalem" (oil) by Geller.

Another departure in Geller's creative career is the one which brought forth his paintings in subdued light—in dark, sombre colors. Here, incidentally, the chromes are quite purely Jewish and the designs, too, are mostly close-knit in such fashion as to give off a feeling which, if it is not Jewish, is I do not know what. In the creations of this phase or period there are some notably successful experiments with perspective which are fraught with emotion.

After this departure comes another synthesis, so to speak. Previously we found Geller combining, in paintings richened and deepened by the combination, the effects he had secured in his woodcuts with the effects he had attained in his earliest efforts as a painter. Now we find him doing a similar thing with methods developed during his sojourn abroad and the methods that he crystalized in his works in subdued light.

There remain several wood carvings and the new album of wood cuts "Seven Palestinian Motifs" to account for. The wood carvings have a certain graphic felicity and bear testimony to Geller's deftness of touch which is manifest in all the media he has tried. But aside from that they are to me not particularly impressive. The new wood cuts are more closely knit, more sculptural—in some instances, anyway—than the earlier creations in the same medium. They show greater economy in securing effects, more mastery in composition and inflexibility. But they don't quite stack up with the others in spontaneity and sweep.

That is not to say, however, that these new wood cuts are lacking in mobility. They live and move and have

"Horse-Radish Grinder"

"A Frontispiece"

"Yiddel Mit'n Fiddle"

vibrant being; and several of them have a sparkling sheen that is a delight and a joy.

Mr. C. J. Bulliet, director of the *Chicago Evening Post Magazine* of the Art World, contributes a sprightly introduction to the new album.

I have hinted at how Geller's personality is reflected in his creations. I could dig much deeper into the relationship between the man and his art—showing how one after another of his multifarious experiences has, directly or indirectly, manifested itself in his paintings, his wood cuts and his carvings. But that would easily require a whole article in itself. There is, however, a phase of the man's personality which should, I feel, be taken cognizance of in even so brief a study as the present one. And that is a side of Geller which is complementary to the artist in him rather than a part of it. I refer to his activity in the general field of Jewish culture.

Some men create art. Some men write about it. Some men take upon themselves the burden bringing it and its influence to the people. Geller has, to a considerable extent, combined all of these functions in himself. His writings, which are in Yiddish, have been thus far fragmentary, fugitive pieces. But so little has been done in Yiddish in this country in the way of comment on, or criticism of, painting and sculpture that Geller's tabloid word-impressions of Jewish artists and their art give him rank as one of the pioneers in the field. Then there are his lectures. Mr. Geller has preached Jewish art with the zeal of an apostle, though not so extensively the past year as during the four or five years previous to that. He has gathered a great body of material on the subject. He has had slides made to illustrate and prove his contentions. And he has lectured to young people's groups, women's clubs, workers' organizations and so forth in Chicago and in various other cities in the United States and Canada.

I do not accept all of his pronouncements on Jewish art; and, if I were setting forth a full length word-portrait of the man, I would block in as shadows, so to speak, certain of his, to my way of thinking, self-defeating methods of imparting knowledge of Jewish art and Jewish culture to the Jewish public. But on the whole there is no gainsaying that his presence has made itself decidedly felt in Jewish cultural circles in salutary ways too numerous to mention.

All around we hear the incessant din and bur-r-r-r of machinery. Smoke and dust, dust and smoke. Mass production. Mergers. Speed—ever more and more highly accelerated tempo.

The day of individual expression is over, say the soothsayers. Everyone is merely a link in the endless and twisted chain of society. Art, art—who needs art? Give us mob scenes, give us vaster factories, speedier automobiles, louder loud speakers. Chute the chutes. Zip, rip, rip, zip. We're a merry-mad crew drunk with kinetics, electricity, gasoline and wireless radiation.

Such is the general reaction from what is going on all about us. But it will be a sad, sad day for the world if the disciples of the twin demons speed and noise ever completely succeed in crushing the individual, in muffling the small still voice of the soul.

In the rip-roaring loop of Chicago, on the eighth floor of an uncomely office building, there is a studio. An artist's conception of old ghetto scenes, Jewish folk lore, Palestine landscape, adorn the walls. Students are modeling, d r a w i n g, painting. Writers, thinkers, wayward souls, are talking about old, forgotten, far-off things. A little man with deep-set, ever alert Russian and Jewish blue eyes, high cheek bones, a greying blond and partly bald head moves about quietly, emitting every now and then a deep sigh. He sits down in a corner as if he were merely a stranger in the place. Yet it is his studio and he is fully aware of every move that is being made in it, every word that is being uttered. Cross him on some phase of Jewish art and you'll soon find out that that is so. That man is Todros Geller.

I like to think of his studio in the loop of Chicago as a citadel holding out staunchly against the myrmidons of machinery, the mob, noise and break-neck speed. I like to think of it as an actual strong-hold maintaining itself against the onslaught of the perverse tendencies of the age; but more do I like to think of it as a symbol of all artists and all studios and studies where ideas are being given birth and works of art are being conceived and created—a symbol of those chosen few who are everywhere fighting the good old fight for things which do not pass away.

"Maxwell Street" (Wood Cut)

The East Side As I Remember It

An Appraisal of "Jews Without Money" by Michael Gold

By JACOB S. MINKIN

VARIOUSLY has New York's East Side been judged. Regarding no other part of the city has there been such divergence of views, opinions, and emotions. A correct and impartial view of it has never been taken. It suffered from either superlative praise or exaggerated prejudice. People either condemned it or extolled it.

On the one hand there is "The Spirit of the Ghetto," written some 25 years ago by Hutchinson Hapgood, a Gentile observer, where every page is glowing with the most romantic description of the East Side, where every bearded man is a patriarch, every unkempt and unwashed man a sage and prophet, every shawled woman the potential mother of a Messiah, every frenzied wild-eyed radical is the apostle of a world redeeming creed, every house a sanctuary, and every smoke-filled cafe or restaurant is the habitat of the world's intellectual elite. In its crowded, littered and ill-smelling streets you behold nothing but processions of sages, poets, dreamers, prophets and saints.

On the other hand, there is "Jews Without Money" by Michael Gold, a man who has not flirted with the ghetto, but was born in it, a writer who is not a casual observer of the East Side, but was himself an inmate of that stirring panorama, where he spent his childhood and adolescent years. And how different is the picture which Gold presents! He tears every vestige of romance and beauty to which writers of the Ghetto had accustomed us. He has no illusions about the East Side he describes. He catches the teeming variety of its life within the net of his words. And his words are shattering, burning, and destructive. He paints a picture upon a background which is as dark and hopeless as the night. He sees its horrors, its cruelty, its vice and corruption in all the aspects of their physical and moral depravity. You behold a panorama of bearded men

Front jacket design for Michael Gold's "Jews Without Money."

and shawled women, of loud, screaming and pushing individuals, of streets littered with dead cats and ill-smelling garbage, of sweaty rooms, crowded roofs and airshafts which betray the most intimate family secrets, alleys filled with thousands of unwashed human bodies, and women sitting on stoops munching apples and attracting prospective customers to their human merchandise, children who have grown old before their time, knowing at five years what they should not have learned at 25, tired shop girls falling into the snare of vice and corruption—a veritable babble of noise, confusion and chaos, made all the more unbearable by the rumbling of passing street cars and crashing elevators. And rising like a white flame above all this, there is the author's fiery protest against the social and political system which allowed it, which tolerated it, which made it all possible. The author's own mother, a kindly, genial and tender soul, is the only shaft of light which shoots up against the dark and hopeless background he describes.

If ever there was realism in literature, Gold's book is filled with it. Nothing so vivid, so penetrating has ever been written. Only the best writings of Zola and Gorky can compare with it. You see not words before you, but the very blood and marrow of the men and women he describes. We have often been regaled with stories of the East Side, of boys who rise from the filth and squalor of the tenement houses to the ownership of skyscrapers. But here you have a picture of Jews without money, a story of crushed lives and blighted hopes. It is with those who have not succeeded that the author deals, with the innumerable men and women who failed to fit themselves into the pattern of American life, of flexible youths who might have become something, but who ended their life in prisons or electric chairs.

Despite all its cruelty and horrors, the story should have been written. No more eloquent indictment of the political machine which feeds on the innocence of unsuspecting youths has ever been penned. No such pages glowing with pain and protest can remain unheeded. But, as a true picture of the East Side, the book cannot remain unchallenged, especially by those who know the scenes he describes from first hand knowledge, who were born, or spent many years of their life in that scene. Between "The Spirit of the Ghetto," by Hutchinson Hapgood, and "Jews Without Money," by Michael Gold, the truth lies elsewhere. Neither of them has spoken the last word on a subject which is still within the memory of men. Perhaps a composite of the two approaches something like a true version of the spirit of the East Side. The East Side had neither the poetic romanticism of Hapgood, nor the black and hopeless despair of Gold. It was neither the paradise of the one, nor the sink of corruption of the other, Its inhabitants were neither saints nor sinners, neither angels nor devils, but just human beings, with all their failings and virtues, with all their lights and shades, with all the repellent beauty and attractive loveliness, with all the filth and glamor, with all the hopes and frustrations of most other ordinary mortals.

That there were thousands of disappointed hearts and blighted lives within the gates of the ghetto, men and women who, coming from other lands and different scenes, found it difficult to fit themselves in their new American environment, who can deny? That the tyranny of adjustment created a great deal of waste, human waste, who can dispute? Adjustment is a cruel task master at all times and under all circumstances, all the more so when sympathy and understanding with the stranger within the gates are rare. But yet, and here is where a just grievance may be registered against the author of this book, even then the East Side was not a scene of such unrelieved boredom and monotony as Michael Gold would lead us to believe. As against the filth and squalor, the poverty and corruption which Gold describes, there are many of us who cherish other memories of the East Side, memories shot through with heroism, idealism and achievement. In this respect, Hapgood the Gentile has seen more clearly, and recorded more truly than Gold the Jew. I am thinking of the tense and varied intellectual and spiritual life of the East Side. I am thinking of ragged and bearded men picking their way as peddlars through its crowded streets, yet their hearts aglow with dreams and ambitions of other worlds; of shawled and unkempt women spending their days and nights in sweaty shops yet halving their loaf of bread with sons and daughters who attend college and are preparing themselves for careers, determined not to suffer as much as their parents did; of hundreds of men and women living wretched lives, yet saving every penny, so that a brother or sister might be saved from the Russian, Polish or Roumanian inferno.

A thousand such scenes come to mind. I cannot recall them all, I cannot enumerate them all. Space and time will not permit it. But some of such memories are irrepressible. I am thinking of the bent and aged Jew, Reicherson, a grammarian scholar, writer, and translator, who filled the Hebrew press with hundreds of articles, and translated some of the choicest European classics, a teacher in just one of those damp and miserable Hebrew schools which the author describes with such lack of feeling and sympathy. I am thinking of another Jew, old but straight and erect, Rosenberg, a dweller in one of those damp and ill-smelling basements on Canal Street, yet the author of a biblical cyclopedia which is a monument of scientific scholarship, whose only fault is that it is the work of one man, whereas it should have been the creation of a whole academy of scholars. I remember Eliakum Zunser, a folk poet if there ever was one, a man who amidst poverty and squalor has written verses which are still sung by thousands of men in almost all parts of the world. I recall Morris Rosenfeld, his dark and fragile figure, a tailor and sweat shop slave, who has written songs full of tears and sobs, acclaimed by the Jews of all lands, whose poems may be read in almost all the languages of Europe. His burning eyes and his still more burning pen still haunt me.

I am thinking of the Educational Alliance, all its rooms and library swarming with thousands of the sons and daughters of those hopeless and hapless men and women whom Gold describes. No mere reference to the Educational Alliance can do justice to it. A whole book might be written on it, and the reading would be fascinating. Its classes were filled with immigrants who came there to learn their first English accents, its club rooms filled with shouting and wildly gesticulating men and women, who discussed, debated, and argued some knotty literary or philosophical problem. Men who had since become famous in American Jewish life, with reputations both in this country and in Europe passed through its doors. Too busy was Michael Gold in watching the gang fights to ever stop on Friday night at the Educational Alliance and see its doors besieged by hundreds of men when Masliansky was announced to speak. An original Jewish thinker, just one of those many Jews who flit across the pages of Michael Gold's book, bearded, stooped and unkempt, but a rare Spinozist, was the leader of a philosophical club in the same institution.

Shall I describe the littered, noisy, and smoke-filled cafes and restaurants on Canal Street and East Broadway, where above the tumult you could hear debates and discussions such as seldom regale the visitors of Broadway and Fifth Avenue speakeasies? Naphtali Imber, that erratic and tragicomic Hebrew poet, was among them, who between his cups composed some of those winged verses which are heard today in almost all parts of the world.

Whatever idealism there is to be found among the Jews of this country, its cradle was not Fifth Avenue, but the dingy and crowded streets of the East Side. It is there where all the great Yiddish dailies were edited and published; there where Talmud Torahs and Yeshivahs were crowded with students; there where Jewish poets, dreamers, thinkers and writers made their homes; there where the Yiddish drama was written and produced; there the training ground of all our youthful dreamers and doers, where young men and aged folk planned and carried out most of the worthwhile Jewish movements in the country. Jacob Gordin, a Yiddish dramatist, with a black patriarchal beard and still blacker, flaming eyes, was one of its sons. From his fertile pen has flowed an incessant stream of tragedies and comedies which still move untold Jewish audiences in all parts of the world to weep and laugh. And so also was Jacob Adler, that incomparable Yiddish actor with no mean reputation on the English stage, and so also were David Kessler, Moshkowitz, Boris Thomashefsky, Bertha Kalish, and Madame Lipzin. Jacob Epstein, the great English sculptor, was one of the dreamers of the East Side Ghetto before he attained to world-wide fame. Abraham Cahan, novelist, and editor of the greatest Yiddish newspaper, is still dreaming and writing there.

As against the background of the filth and squalor of the East Side which Michael Gold loves to describe I like to marshal these names which have made the East Side not a name to loathe and be frowned upon, but a memory fond and beautiful. The East Side may not have been without its shadows, submerged alleys with repugnant scenes and revolting sights, like so many other large cities in Europe and America. But these are not the standards by which the East Side would like to be judged. They do not register the temper of genius of the teeming thousands within its borders. These are the results of the throes of adjustment which every people, trying to fit itself into the pattern of a new environment must go through. But over and above this decadent matter, there is a spirit, pure and immortal, which is hovering over the East Side, a spirit which has written itself into the lives of some of our choicest men, which has produced great and immortal figures, and expressed itself in innumerable artistic creations which have brought joy and inspiration to thousands of hearts.

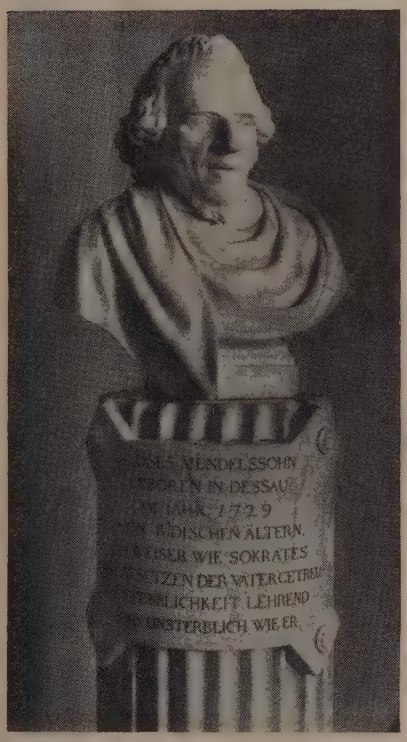
An Incident in the Life of Moses Mendelssohn

By WALTER BROCKMAN

POINTS of historical interest seem to be rare indeed in Berlin — not because they don't exist, but because the modern city completely dominates the old, little nucleus known as Altes Berlin, where they are to be found. There is no end of palaces and little old houses with sagging walls and picturesque chimneys in Berlin, but they have to be found by instinct—guidebooks neglect them for the wonders of modern Berlin, as well as do the sightseeing busses—and for that reason the casual visitor scarcely sees them. What remains of old Berlin is rapidly falling before the "march of progress."

It is a bitter prospect for charming old Berlin, and the only thing to do seems to be to make the best of things while they are still on hand. In the heart of old Berlin, where the narrow, cobblestone streets resound with the noise of heavy trucks, motorcycles, and delivery wagons—where row after row of old houses remain standing, beautiful in architecture, but dismal and even sinister in their contemporary state of neglect—

Old engraving commemorating the death of Mendelssohn.



This original marble bust of Moses Mendelssohn, done by Tassaert in 1785, stands in the Jewish Museum of Berlin.

there is a spot to which those who love old things make pilgrimages. It is an old Jewish graveyard. Perhaps it is the oldest of all graveyards in Berlin, intact to this day. Of course, the tombstones which line the outside walls of the ancient churches of Mary and Nicholas are infinitely older than the tombstones in this old Jewish cemetery, but their graveyards have vanished long ago. Records show that this Jewish graveyard dates from the year 1672; it was then outside of the town walls, not far from Oranienburger Tor (Gate). Oranienburger Tor is only a subway stop today.

The most curious thing about this old "Friedhof in der Grossen Hamburger Strasse" is that no one seems to know where it is. Unless you ask very explicitly at the offices of the Jewish congregation not far away, you will pass it by without suspecting its existence, for it is tucked away in the middle of a block and must be approached through the portal of a boys' school. Suggesting its presence to those who know that it contains the grave of Moses Mendelssohn, the great humanist and one of the finest and most admirable of men that the Jewish race produced in the course of its long history, is a bust of the philosopher, mounted on a stone base on the bit of green lawn that separates the building from the sidewalk.

It may be irrelevant and even unseemly to compare graveyards on the basis of their artistic merits, but as it is, after all, critical feeling which awakens a sense of appreciation for what is truly beautiful in all categories of art, one can express a preference for this old Jewish graveyard and say without impropriety that it is the most beautiful and most appealing of all cemeteries in Berlin.

As you enter it, the first impression it gives is of an old park, for most of the gravestones have sunk deep into the ground and are quite inconspicuous; the shadows of old buildings which inclose the graveyard like sanc-

Old engraving commemorating Mendelssohn's death. An inscription on it reads: "Moses Mendelssohn died on the 4th of January, 1786, in the 57th year of his age. Philosophy mourns his loss, posterity honors his ashes."

tuary walls, tend also to obscure the upright slabs of crumbling sandstone. The shade of many trees has a subduing effect, too.

The north end of the graveyard is spanned by a high wall, above which towers the steeple of the Sophien Kirche, an 18th century Protestant Church, whose architecture provides Berlin with its classical example of Rococo art in church building. Unfortunate it is indeed that there is no old Jewish synagogue nearby to complete the picture of the graveyard—such an edifice would convey vividly a sense of the faith, which perhaps like no other religion has been so inextricably associated with the lives of its people. Only one old Jewish synagogue is standing in Berlin today, and it is not old so far as houses of worship go; Jews were not permitted to build synagogues until the beginning of the 18th century and had to worship in private houses. Other old synagogues have been torn down to make way for more pompous edifices without a whit of feeling for the priceless accumulation of spiritual beauty that years of ancestral piety have given them.

But the Jews who lie buried in the old graveyard in Grosse Hamburger Strasse seemed to care little for external manifestations of power, wealth, and glory, whether intended for the benefit of God or man. No towering shaft of glistening granite, pompously monumental, marks the resting place of the affluent, no handsome wrought-iron enclosures set off the graves of those who had accumulated a preponderant share of earthly goods.

The old mouldering tombstones that stand beside one another in long rows are all of the same pattern and the same design; simplicity is their common feature. Symbols carved into a few of them indicate differences of station but these denote only ecclesiastical rank. What a profound difference between this old graveyard and its successor in Schonhauser Allee, where the monumentality of tombstones seems not only to signify the measure of bereavement, but of earthly means as well.

'Way at the end of the graveyard, and almost under the walls of the adjacent buildings, is the grave of Moses Mendelssohn. The tombstone is not in the style of its neighbors; a newer one has replaced the older. It differs from the rest both in size and shape—it is taller, broader, and more conspicuous than the older ones, and part of its inscription is in German, whereas the lettering on the others is all in Hebrew. But even so, it is a very modest stone.

If capacity for love and respect of humanity means anything in determining the ultimate worth of a man for posterity, then Moses Mendelssohn's grave in this old Jewish cemetery in a forgotten part of Berlin is as sacred a spot as the famous graves in Weimar, for Mendelssohn was not only the contemporary of the illustrious men buried there, but also their brother in spirit. All that his tombstone says of his earthly career, besides what is in a short Hebrew inscription, is "geb. zu Dessau am 6. September 1729, gest. zu Berlin am 4. Januar 1786."

The train of thoughts that a moment of solemn meditation at the

Grave of Moses Mendelssohn in Berlin.

grave of Mendelssohn starts, leads one far from the little graveyard in Grosse Humburger Strasse, for the associations that cluster about his name are diverse and manifold and not confined to the local sphere. Curiously enough, an incident comes to mind relating to burial, in which Moses Mendelssohn and the Jewish graveyards of Berlin play a part—the first directly, the second indirectly. This incident is interesting not only for itself, but also for the light it sheds on the character of the man.

It shows that he practiced the doctrines he preached. The incident was only a humble happening as world events go, but it was of great importance to Jewish circles in Germany, because of the preeminence of German Jews among the members of their race at that time, its effects must have been felt in other countries, too, and may have been more widespread than one might suspect. It can be interpreted as the expression of tolerance against the suppressive forces of custom and tradition; of reformation against orthodoxy; of humanity against creed and dogma; of enlightenment against superstition. In other words, it was the Jewish counterpart of the revolt against the past taking place among the peoples of all enlightened nations, which marked the beginnings of the era of modernism.

The incident is not one of action even—nothing as sensational about it as the attack on the Bastile. It is merely an exchange of correspondence between the elders of a Jewish congregation in the town of Schwerin, Mecklenburg, and Moses Mendelssohn, and it was the question of burial which brought it to pass. These worthy old provincial elders had been put into a state of sore dismay by a royal edict forbidding them to bury their dead, as customary, within a few hours after death (till the next sunset)—a tradition hallowed by centuries of practice. They appealed for help to the man whom they knew stood infinitely nearer to the worldly powers and counsels than themselves; they knew that Moses Mendelssohn was a friend of kings, that he was spoken of in the same breath as the greatest intellectuals of the day, and they thought that he could save the day for them.

Remote as their problems were to Mendelssohn, he took a deep interest in them, and dispatched a letter of counsel. But his advice wasn't the kind they had expected. His point of view was quite different from their own. His letter may have put them into a state of consternation—but it could not have offended them. That is why Mendelssohn's letter is worth quoting to the last word. It is one of the nicest, kindliest letters ever written—and as such it is worthy of a place in a humanistic bible if one were ever to be compiled.

Imagine the temptation of an eminent man like Mendelssohn to use the occasion to vent his feelings on the fundamentalist die-hards of the day, such as those old rabbis were; certainly their religious attitude and his were poles apart, and they were his worst enemies if the gap between their teachings was a measure of the remoteness of their sympathies. He might have made his letter a scorching tirade, full of sarcasm and un-

sparing criticism. But he didn't want to hurt the feelings of those who had turned to him for counsel. His letter is not only to be valued as a masterpiece of dignity and good taste; it is to be treasured as the classic revelation of the character of a man who loved and appreciated his religion, and never abandoned it, though his interests had expanded to include almost the whole range of human thought and activity, and his point of view had become the cosmic, sophisticated one, which in most men leads to the denial of the worth of all formal institutions, first of all the religious ones, because they feel themselves detached from the realities of life.

This is Moses Mendelssohn's letter to the elders of the Jewish congregation of Schwerin:

"Your agreeable communication of last month reached me properly. I gather from it that your ruler has commanded you to keep the dead with you for three days before burying them. You seem therefore, gentlemen, to be as offended and dismayed, as if your ruler were compelling you to abandon the religion of our fathers, or at least break one of the ordinances of the rabbis.

"I must profess my ignorance of the situation, but I must say that I fail to understand your attitude, and cannot perceive why you are taking steps to institute elaborate proceedings. Though I already know that your rabbi is a legal authority and has had sufficient experience with attorneys to know how to handle this matter, I shall not desist from giving you my own opinion. Should I be in error, I shall gladly accept any of your criticisms and suggestions.

"With due allowance for my attitude of approval, it is my opinion that the consequences of this royal edict would not, as you believe, necessitate the slightest departure from our established principles. Our ancient and wise teachers teach that he who permits the dead to remain overnight in his presence breaks a rule that forbids. But these very teachers sanction the keeping of the dead overnight when the departed are to be shown special honor, or when time is insufficient to get the death-robes and coffins, or to fetch the women wailers who must escort the bier, or when, in large cities, time is needed to notify relatives of the death. (Jore Dea, 357). Now if these learned men approve of keeping the dead overnight for such trivial reasons, isn't it all the more important that they be kept even longer, should there be even the remotest possibility that they might regain consciousness and return to life? It is fundamental of our religious teachings that there are no rules which involve danger to human life.

"If among the clauses permitting delays of burial, our law-prescribing ancestors did not insert one based on the fear that the dead might be buried alive, we need not be surprised, for then the case of burying someone alive could never have come up. Our ancestors placed their dead in subterranean caverns and vaults, providing for a three-day vigil to make sure that these had really died. It expressly says so in the Tract Samachoth: 'Upon the place of burial a three day watch is to be kept over the dead, and there need be no qualms on the part of the faithful about imitating the custom of the Emorites by so doing. Once a man who had been pronounced dead, awoke during such a vigil and lived to die 25 years later. And we know of another man who also returned from the dead in the same way and lived to become the father of five children.'

"One can understand why our lawgivers praised anyone who hastened to remove the departed to the burial ground when such celerity didn't involve the slightest risk. We, however, who bury our dead without any arrangement for a vigil over them, must let them remain with us until we have positive evidence of their death. Should the case ever arise that we discover too late that the apparently-dead person had really been alive—and such a possibility exists, as the passage quoted above shows — how could we ever defend our negligence and lack of precaution if called to account?

"Experience has shown the wisest of physicians that there are no outward signs that can be regarded as infallible proof of death. A human being can fall into a state of such deep coma that his pulse and breath are utterly lacking and that those around him are completely deceived into believing him to be dead even though he still lives. The beginnings of decomposition ought to be waited for to make sure of death. That our lawgivers were of the same opinion as physicians is revealed by the citation above, where they expressly give accounts of cases where the dead revived again in their vaults.

"I am sending you therefore the outline of a petition which I think you ought to present to your ruler. In all likelihood he will make no objections to the proposal, which assures that every mortal will be gathered to his fathers in peace. But if your ruler should insist on having his original decree executed to the letter, you could do nothing better than follow the example of our forefathers by building a vault in the graveyard where, in compliance with the old custom, the departed can be cleansed, watched over for three days, and buried.

"It seems to me that it should be the duty of every pious congregation to conform to this—but not to depart from the observance of other sensible rules. Our rabbis ought to keep after their people and promote the matter to the best of their abilities.

"I know that you will not take my advice; the power of habit is strong. Perhaps my proposal will even mark me as a heretic in your eyes. But nevertheless—I've satisfied the dictates of my own conscience.

"Berlin, June 9, 1772

Moses Mendelssohn."

This letter was written in Hebrew. The question came to involve other prominent personages and was not settled until the 25th of September 1798, when King Frederick William of Prussia issued an edict which contained this laconic statement: "The question as to whether anyone is dead or is not dead, is not a matter of religion but of physics, concerning therefore, the police department in the first instance." There was no opposition. Jewish congregations conformed, and it is very likely that Moses Mendelssohn's attitude was a decisive factor in reconciling most of the faithful to the new form of burial. After that, burial chapels were built in all graveyards.

Naturally, the new form of burial called for corresponding changes in supplementary ritual, but it took a long time for the liberal-thinking elements to push them through. A last conflict between the forces of new and the old flared up on the occasion of the first burial in the new graveyard in Schonhauser Allee, June 29, 1827. The burial ritual employed shocked one of the factions so deeply that its members even went so far as to call on the king for intervention. On the 9th of July, 1827, trouble ceased for once and for all. On that day the old burial organization, Chevra Kadischa, composed of orthodox-minded folks, waived its rights to a more modern-minded group called the Gesellschaft der Freunder; liberalism had won the day.

The late Nathan Straus
(See page 149)

THE Nathan and Lina Straus Health Center in Jerusalem, which Nathan Straus established for Hadassah, is becoming one of the most important factors in disease prevention and health education for all creeds in Palestine.

The Center contains a health welfare clinic, which gives close medical supervision to 1,200 families. In this department, too, is a mental hygiene clinic, perhaps the first modern psychological unit in the Near East. The Straus Soup Kitchen, also in the Center, gives 1,700 portions of soup and bread daily for home consumption, and serves meals at the Center to the homeless.

* * *

THE first honorary fellowship in bibliography to be established at any American university has been made possible through a $20,000 gift to the University of Pennsylvania from Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, president of the American Historical Society. Dr. Rosenbach graduated from that university in 1898.

A CROSS SECTIO

A LAW designed to improve the status of a half million Jews in Soviet Russia has just been passed. By the provisions of this piece of legislation, 100,000 Jewish artisans, heads of families, are in many ways placed on a plane of equality with factory workers. The families of these men will also be included in the privileges which accrue. The latter consist of the right to receive foodstuffs under the same conditions as factory workers; sick benefits and rent at the same rate as other workers; government pensions; and permission for the children to attend government schools.

* * *

GENERAL Eugene Oberdorfer, Jr., plans and training officer and assistant adjutant-general of the Georgia National Guard, who was elevated recently to the rank of brigadier-general, has been granted retirement by the governor of his state. General Oberdorfer served the equivalent of 20 years in the U. S. Army.

* * *

THE proposal by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts for a five-day working week for government employes was applauded at a special executive meeting of the Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America. The Alliance advised the Senator of its desire to do all in its power to favor his bill.

* * *

RABBI Victor Emanuel Reichert of the Rockdale Avenue Temple in Cincinnati announces that the student high school council of its religious school has pledged itself to assist in raising a fund for needy students at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

The Hebrew Union College annually awards a fellowship entitling one of its graduates to a year's study at the Hebrew University.

The first scholarship established in this country for a student at the Hebrew University was given by Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity, which this year awarded its third annual scholarship of $300. Kappa Nu, Zeta Beta Tau, Alpha Mu Sigma, Alpha Epsilon Pi, Phi Epsilon Pi, Phi Sigma Delta, and Tau Delta Phi, are other national Jewish college fraternities which are creating scholarships for the same purpose.

JEWS all over the world are mourning Lord Melchett, who died recently in London. Lord Melchett, or Alfred Mond, was known to Jews as one of the leaders in the movement to establish a Jewish National Home in Palestine, as chairman of the Jewish Agency; industry knew him as the head of a $500,000,000 chemical corporation with the reputation for being England's richest man; and art knew him as a great collector and a patron of artists and writers.

Lord Melchett, Alfred Mond

He was 62 when he died. He was, until shortly before his death, president of the English Zionist Federation. Educated at Cheltenham College, St. John's College, Cambridge, and Edinburgh University, he was called to the Bar, but forsook the practice of law to continue the development of the enterprises of his father, Dr. Ludwig Mond, a world-renowned chemist.

* * *

REV. and Mrs. R. Kaplan of Houston, Tex., were honored recently on the occasion of the 18th anniversary of the cantorship of Rev. Kaplan with Congregation Adath Yeshurun. Representatives from all parts of Texas joined the members in heaping upon Rev. Kaplan praise and admiration for the services he has performed for them since he has been in Houston.

* * *

AFTER being dark for two weeks because of an employes' strike, the nine Yiddish theaters in New York City are open for business once more. The chorus union compromised on a 10 per cent cut in wages, other employes are accepting a 15 per cent cut, while actors' salaries are to be reduced from 10 to 25 per cent.

* * *

THE first official Jewish community in Spain since the expulsion of the Jews in 1492 has been formed with the opening of a synagogue in Madrid. Thirty men compose the congregation.

OF JEWISH LIFE

CARLSBAD, Czechoslovakia, has been selected as the scene of the 17th annual World Zionist Congress, which will be held February 24. According to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, this congress will be the most important since the war. Among the decisions to be taken by the congress will be what attitude the Zionists should take toward the British government in view of the recent developments in general and the White Paper in particular, and the resignation of Dr. Chaim Weizmann as president of the W. Z. O.

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THE seventieth birthday of Mrs. S. Pisko, executive secretary of the National Jewish Hospital in Denver, was celebrated under the auspices of the Board of Managers of the Hospital. The honored guest was surrounded by life-long friends and co-workers during this happy occasion.

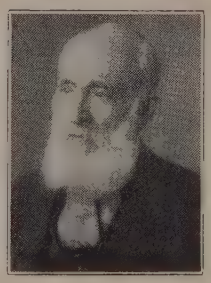
Mrs. Pisko was lauded by the several speakers at the dinner for her accomplishments in the field of charity, and particularly for her work in the anti-tuberculosis movement, through her affiliation with the Hospital.

The speakers included Rabbi William S. Friedman, founder and president of the National Jewish Hospital; Max Livingston, New York City; Arthur Eppstein, Portland, Ore.; L. H. Guldman and David Harlem of Denver, representing the Hospital's board of trustees; and Dr. I. D. Bronfin, Dr. H. J. Corper, and Samuel Schaefer, representing the various departments.

* * *

PROF. Albert Einstein, who is now in California making physical experiments at the Wilson Observatory in conjunction with American scientists, has given out several interviews and radio addresses since his arrival in this country. He said, in a radio talk, "We must remain faithful to our traditions which above all else give substance and meaning to the unity of Israel. For indeed this unity of Jews the world over is in no wise a political unity, and should never become such. It rests exclusively on a moral tradition. Out of this alone can the Jewish people maintain its creative powers, and on this alone claim its basis for existence."

NISSIM BEHAR, philanthropist and educator, died at his home in New York City last month at the age of 83. Born in Jerusalem, he founded there in 1882 the first Academic and Manual Training School in Palestine, under the auspices of the Alliance Israelite Universelle. He was also instrumental in founding academic and manual training schools under the same auspices at Aleppo in Syria, Samarkoff in Bulgaria, and Constantinople.



Nissim Behar

In 1900 he came to New York and organized the National Liberal Immigration League. Presidents Roosevelt and Taft gave him the pens with which they signed bills on immigration matters furthered by the League.

Mr. Behar was an honorary member of Henry Jones-Lebanon Lodge No. 79, B'nai B'rith, for many years. He enjoyed the greatest love, respect, and admiration not only of the members of District No. 1, but throughout the ranks of the brethren in Europe, where his Jewish activities began.

THE Covenant Club of Chicago has been presented with a beautiful painting entitled "The Triumph of the Oppressed," by Dr. Zan D. Klopper, the artist, who is a member of Adolf Kraus Lodge No. 72, B'nai B'rith.

In the *Chicago Jewish Chronicle* an article describing the painting is carried, written by Dr. Jacob Singer. "The artist does not share the pessimism of some," he writes, "who see in Emancipation nothing more than the disappearance of the Jew and Judaism from the land of the living. Two figures give the keynote to the entire group, viz., that of Herzl, who signifies the revival of the Jew, and the other figure of the man in the Talith with the shofar, proclaiming the regeneration of Judaism. Here we have the Jew's place in the world's work. As scholar, the figure of the man in academic cap and gown holding a globe; the artist probably included all thinkers and discoverers in the realm of science from Spinoza to Einstein. Behind him we see the laborer, a modern phenomenon in Jewish life, since the medieval guilds kept the Jew out of the artisan class. The man with the scythe represents the recent return of the Jew to the soil. . . . The woman giving the fruit to the child with one hand while the other clasps the falling garment expresses the Jewish principle of charity which prompts a delicacy in giving. With the freedom of the new era, the artistic talent of the Jew finds release in painting, music, and the other fine arts. The group closes with the portrait of Justice Louis D. Brandeis, who holds the scales of justice to indicate that Israel's passion for justice and righteousness and the unfading dream for the messianic era of peace on earth has lived from the days of Moses (extreme left) until our day."

"The Triumph of the Oppressed"

WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....

IF we want to make Judaism in America a living and throbbing force in the lives of the generation that is growing up . . . we must see that our spiritual leaders keep themselves unspotted from the world," writes Aaron M. Neustadt, editor of the *Ohio Jewish Chronicle*, in a recent issue of that paper. Since Mr. Neustadt makes no qualifying statements, we take this to be a most ambiguous remark.

We happen to know Mr. Neustadt rather well, and know that he is an editor who combines a deep scholarship in Judaism with a progressive modern point of view. Therefore we cannot believe that by the above statement he meant to imply that rabbis should have nothing to do with politics, social conditions, etc.—in other words, to "stick to religion." Many misguided persons do, however, harbor that feeble conviction, but they simply don't know their Judaism, which is the force that, through thousands of years, has caused the prophets and the rabbis to champion the cause of justice all the time and everywhere, be it in politics, social life, industry, or anything else. Too often does one hear from the ignorant: "Rabbis ought not meddle with politics—they ought to stick to religion." Ask any well-informed and intelligent rabbi his opinion on that, and he will answer that there is no such thing as religion (the Hebrew language does not even contain a word for it) except as it operates as a force for righteousness and justice and happiness in human affairs.

"A great revival is taking place in American Jewry," Mr. Neustadt continues. "Never before in the history of Israel in America has there been more activity in synagogues and temples, B'nai B'rith lodges and Y. M. H. A.'s. Everywhere one travels he sees a tremendous awakening. Jewish centers and Hebrew schools of all types are being established; and these institutions—inculcating as they do the spirit and knowledge of Judaism into the minds and hearts of our youth—are enjoying the support of both Orthodox and Reform Jews to a remarkable degree."

* * *

"STEPS are being taken," writes the Newsman in *The Jewish Guardian* of London, "to form an English section of the Society of Friends of the Yiddish Scientific Institute, which has its headquarters in Vilna. . . . The Haham Dr. M. Gaster is taking an active part in the formation of the English section of the Yiddish Scientific Institute, of which the Trustees include Einstein, Freud, and Dubnow. A library and museum are important adjuncts of its work, and Professor Dubnow is giving it his entire priceless archive. In this country Dr. Gaster has always been a sturdy protagonist of the claims of Yiddish, and his own collection of works in that language is the finest in this country. Like the report of Mark Twain's death, the decease of Yiddish seems to be much exaggerated."

* * *

ONE of the charms, if not the greatest charm, of regularly reading many Jewish periodicals from cities and lands far and near, is the occasional flash of insight obtained from a calm speculation on the significance of their varied contents. Out of the welter of Main Street social gossip, hot-headed political editorials, and stereotyped syndicated news stories there sometimes appears an item, perhaps only a small one, which causes the reader to sit back and marvel at the manifold significances of Judaism. In New York and California, South America and South Africa, Europe and Asia, and indeed where not, countless individuals are laboring ceaselessly for the great Jewish ideals.

And so we read in *The Jewish Times* of Wellington, New Zealand, that Rev. S. A. Goldstein has completed 50 years of service as Minister of the Auckland Hebrew Congregation. Fifty years of service! Few in any country can point to a similar record. And it is obvious that these 50 years must have been fruitful ones, for one congregation does not retain a rabbi for a half century otherwise. The *Times* paid him a magnificent editorial tribute. He deserves it.

* * *

THE *Christian*—whose subtitle is "A Liberal Journal of Religion"—is a weekly magazine published in Kansas City. Like many of its contemporaries while admirable in other respects, it is prone to see first causes in things which are themselves quite obviously not first causes. For instance, in a recent issue the following is to be found: "The magazine article of the month appears in *Harpers* and is entitled 'Blind Alley.' Its author, Ludwig Lewisohn, with characteristic clarity and honesty of mind, says: 'No one . . . but a hermit or a castaway on a desert island can sustain life for three consecutive hours without the exercise of self-sacrifice and honor. For without the practice of these, all human relations would break down, all traffic between man and man would become impossible.' There is the survival value of the gospel of Jesus."

Now, Ludwig Lewisohn is a Jew, and a learned one, too, and surely knew what he was writing about in the above idea. It is a Jewish idea from beginning to end, and to attribute it to Jesus is as logical as to praise Shakespeare's commentators for quoting the great bard. The Bible and the Talmud are packed with the most minute directions to cover all phases of every-day life, religious, social, political. Why? Because the sages of those days well knew that when men live together in society self-sacrifice and honor are essential, and they endeavored to bring this happy state about through the making of laws to cover all possible contingencies.

The editor of the *Christian* meant well, but didn't look far enough.

* * *

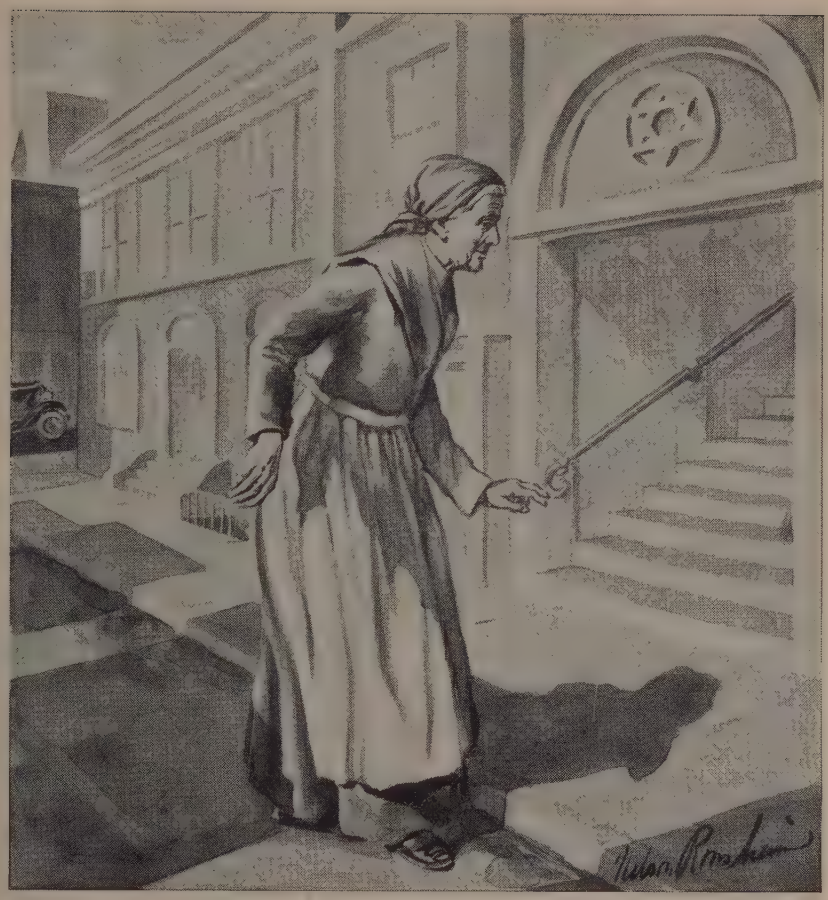
DR. Samuel S. Cohon, professor of theology at the Hebrew Union College, throws some much-needed light on the phrase, "the chosen people," in a recent issue of *The Jewish Layman*, the Temple Brotherhood monthly.

"Because Israel experienced in a special measure the guidance and the blessing of God," he writes, "heavy obligations devolve upon Israel. The choice of Israel does not render Israel a favorite nation, entitling it to trample upon other nations. *The kindness extended to Israel, God extends also to all oppressed peoples.* (The italics are mine.) If Israel is to be the chosen of God, then must it choose to serve God in truth and to excel in justice, in loving kindness, in compassion and faithfulness."

EDWARD E. GRUSD.

The THIRDED ONE

BY ZADLE AVROOM



She reaches the opposite curb with a prayer on her lips.

FROM her porch bed old Haika's feeble eyes grope across the twilight street to the synagogue's white colonnade until they rest on the Shield of David—and she prays to God for a miracle.

Only divine intercession can now avail, for the wedding is so near, so imminent, and she feels so helpless lying there ill, so futile.

Her mind has been wandering. It plays her strange tricks. Ninety years of age and a summer of unprecedented heat have done their work. Her lucid moments are all too brief. In those brief intervals she implores the Almighty to take her at once. For if she dies, she reasons with herself, the wedding will have to be postponed, and in the interval of postponement surely, **surely** God will do something.

The thin parched lips murmur a tearless, sobbing cadence. Yes, God must intervene for her beloved grandson Aaron. This girl Rita is no mate for him. So handsome a boy, so gentle, so kind, so learned—the one white sheep of the family. Surely this girl can have nothing in common with him. She has a sleek body and a cameo face. But soul?—behind the insolence of the gray-blue eyes the soul is barren.

The Shield of David gives her courage. It surges through her weary limbs. She will get up and speak to her daughter-in-law, to M a r y i m, Aaron's mother. She will plead, nay, demand—

But when she tries to rise she only begins to pant. She falls back exhausted, b r e a t h i n g heavily. Her breath comes in little short gasps. She must rest awhile. She tries again. She struggles. This time she is successful. In night dress and slippers she manages to negotiate the distance to the kitchen.

Maryim stands hot and perspiring before the sink, dish cloth in hand. At sight of the aged woman she cries out in alarm:

"**Shvigger** — (Mother-in-law). The doctor said on no condition are you to get up—"

She leads, almost carries, the aged woman back to her bed, chiding her. At the reproaches the latter's courage subsides. She speaks but hesitantly.

"But Maryim, surely you do not think Rita is the right girl for Aaron—"

Maryim answers with a wan shrug.

"Myself, I do not care for her, but if he likes her—"

Her voice is hollow. Tragedy has taken heavy toll of her spirit. The House of Maryim Rothberg has been dragged through the depths of shame and despair. It lies under sackcloth and ashes.

Following her husband's d e a t h Maryim's oldest son, after several escapades, faced a prison sentence for burglary. Judicial initiative gave him the alternative of enlisting for overseas service in advance of the draft. He took the alternative and was killed in the Argonne. Her daughter, possessed of brilliant eyes and seductive curves, had breezed through excessive paint and powder (and reckless loving that vaulted color lines) to clumsy shop-lifting and jail. After serving her term she became a full-blown lady of the evening. Then she vanished completely. The third child, a son, turned to bootlegging for quick profits. Finally apprehended, he saved himself from Leavenworth by turning informer overnight and laughed in ruthless glee as his pointing finger deprived erstwhile friends and associates of livelihood and liberty. The day his wife went to the hospital to be confined with her fifth annual baby he received a threat. The first night when he went to visit her he took two of his little daughters with him, and

kept one on each side of him, both in the automobile and out, confident of the underworld code. That night nothing happened. But two nights later, when he went to the hospital without the children, a gun sounded and he fell on the hospital steps with the top of his head blown off.

In her momentary vision of relentless tragedy Maryim sighs heavily as she draws the light covering over the aged woman. Then she retraces her steps to the kitchen. Haika is again alone.

She lies inert for a time. But her mind will not rest. It throbs. It wavers between lucidity and delirium. Mournful little sounds emanate at intervals from her lips. She mourns in self-pity.

What has she done to deserve such trial and tribulation, she, whose husband of blessed memory was famed as a man of noble piety! What, dear God! She pauses breathlessly at this self-interrogation. Somewhere within her a faint accusing voice has suddenly risen to answer. She hastily stifles it. No—no—no—it cannot be that. It cannot!

She takes refuge in the Shield of David over the synagogue door. Her beloved grandson Aaron. . . . So naively gullible he was. . . . So sincerely honest himself that he trusted everybody else to be likewise. . . . So at sea with the opposite sex! How simple for this girl of barren spirit to pull the wool over his eyes. . . . Her fidelity would scarcely outlast the honeymoon. . . . She would lead his sensitive spirit through the fires of hell.

"Grandmother," the boy had said in introduction, "this is Rita."

"Oh," the girl offered fliply as she surveyed the slight, bent figure with insolent amusement, "so you're the 90-year-old the boy friend always talks about? Swell sky-riding these nights, isn't it? Bye-bye, be a good girl and I'll bring you a nice new streamline broom next time I come—"

Aaron had winced, but he had also laughed. A little nervously to be sure, but he had laughed nevertheless, just as one must at the unkind quips of those one blindly loves. Haika's aged eyes had taken on a bewildered stare. The English she had not understood, but the tone of voice had pierced her heart.

The memory of that first meeting makes her breath come faster. She recalls subsequent meetings with the girl. She shudders again. So fine a boy—the good Lord must intervene. She would go to Him. It would be her pilgrimage. She would stand before the *Aron Kodesh;* she would address herself to the holy scrolls within.

She mumbles to herself. She must get up. But very quietly. She must make no sound. Maryim must not know. Maryim would only invoke the doctor's orders to stop her. Silently, laboriously, painfully she rises and dons her clothes. The blood rushes to her head as she bends over to lace her shoes. As she gets to her feet she clutches the porch rail to steady herself, and to catch her breath. No, she is not as spry as in her girlhood.

A delirious interval takes possession of her. She begins to sway to melody flowing through her head; she is back again in her native Polish village. She romps and dances. Oh, how she dances! The handsomest boys in the village ask her to dance. She sees only the deep, mystic blue eyes of Hersh ben Shair. She turns to him—

The soft electric glow of the Shield of David brings her back to her surroundings. Yes, yes, her pilgrimage. She must not delay. She must make haste. She must stand before the *Aron Kodesh* and beg God to dispatch the angel of death for her. At once. Her death will postpone the wedding. And during the long mourning period surely, surely something will happen. God will not forsake her now. The wedding is so near, so imminent. He is such a lovely boy, so fine, so learned—how happy she will be to die for him.

Cautiously she descends the three steps to the sidewalk. The passage from curb to curb is another Red Sea. She hears the roar of a motor car; it is like the thunder of Pharoah's chariots. She feels a mad gust of wind as the machine flits by. She reaches the opposite curb with a prayer on her lips. There she stands for several minutes to regain her breath.

The main auditorium of the synagogue is dark. It is long after the evening service. She feels thankful that it is so, for she sees fourteen insurmountable steps to the main entrance. But light glows through a window of the *Beth Ha Midrash* (House of Learning) in the basement. Faint voices come to her ears. She crosses the threshold and shuffles over to the shadowed corner near the *Aron Kodesh*, just beyond the long table at which several old men are poring over tarnished and dog-eared pages of Talmudic lore.

They greet her with indifferent nods and quickly forget her. Controversy absorbs them. Their voices wax warm in dispute. To these ardent souls remote hair-splittings assume the magnitude of imminent titanic upheavals.

The discourse this night is on the Testament of Rabbi Jehuda A'Chassid. The aged woman is oblivious to the text. Her eyes are fixed on the subdued light which burns perpetually over the silk and gold drapes that hide entrance to the holy scrolls. Tears fill her eyes and she pleads with God for her beloved grandson's happiness. . . . Her lovely white sheep. . . . Always so gentle and so kind to a very old woman. . . . He even takes her to the movies and translates for her into Yiddish. Surely God will intercede. Surely He can see that this soulless girl is not meant for so fine a boy. And the wedding day so near—

Her lips frame the words:

"*Rebonoh Shel Olom*—to me this night send the angel of death—it is for him, my lovely child, my lovely boy, so kind to a very old woman, dear God—"

One of the group of bearded men glances at her and she draws farther back into her shadowy corner. Why did he look at her? Is he aware of the secret locked in her breast?

That faint accusing whisper creeps in upon her once more. This time she cannot stifle it. It demands to be heard. Was her sin of years ago now to be revealed? Was all the tragedy retribution meted out to her by God? Fear gripped her and held her.

Tears of remorse came, and the little group of men, the table at which they sat, the benches, the candelabra suspended from the ceiling, the seven-branched Menorah, the soft light over the *Aron Kodesh*, the *Aron Kodesh* itself, became distorted shapes. Yes, she sobs to herself, after all her name wasn't just Haika; it was Haika-Maryim. She had been so named at birth. But the Maryim had died for lack of usage. Everybody called her Haika. Only when she met her prospective daughter-in-law did a touch of misgiving seize her. At her father's knee she had learned that *a boy must not marry a girl whose name was the same as his mother's.* Such a marriage was sinful. No good could come of it. But she had found excuse for herself on the ground that not since childhood had anyone called her Haika-Maryim, only Haika. She had permitted her son to become espoused to Maryim. They had married. Children had come. Then America. Her son had died. Tragedy swept in. . . .

The distorted shapes resume their natural form as Haika daubs her eyes.

Voices from the table reach her.

"Don't be a fool, Missman."

It is the chanting bass of the venerable Shaya Melamed, full and vigorous despite his 79 summers.

"But—" begins Missman.

"How could this be interpreted otherwise? Listen again. Rabbi Jehudah A'Chassid here in Chapter 477 speaks in this wise:

" 'If a man takes unto himself a wife and her name is Rivka, or any other name, and his son takes unto himself a wife whose name is Rivka, and his grandson takes unto himself a wife whose name is Rivka, they cannot fulfill their destiny. Fortune will not favor her, for she is but a thirded one—' "

Haika's withered hand clutches at her breast. Her whole body shakes.

In her agony the voices from the table recede into a faint unintelligible drone. Then Missman's voice rises clear again. She strains her ears to listen. Listen she must. It is as the moth and the flame.

"But you interpret too broadly," Missman insisted.

"For more foolishness no man need yearn, each man has enough already," Shaya Melamed intones indulgently. "Is it not adequate—" Again she loses the trend as she raises her handkerchief to her eyes. "*Nu*, let us go on with Chapter 478."

Missman still persists at something. She cannot distinguish what. His voice trails off into a murmur. A new voice rises. She does not recognize it, and she opens her eyes. It is Yankel Skolnick. She hears his words:

"Man learns wisdom for 70 years, Missman, and dies a fool. You've been learning wisdom for 73 years, and I think the longer you live and learn wisdom the bigger a fool you'll die. If anybody should say this is black because it is black you would immediately say no, it is white. Always must you be contrary? Tell me, I beg you, what are you arguing about, what is there to argue? It is true that sometimes there are complications, but the law is clear. For instance, in the new office where my granddaughter Esther just went to work last week there is a Jewish girl who didn't like the way her Jewish name was translated. Well, when she grew up a little she began to call herself Margarita. She thought Margarita was fancier. Then when she became still older she became too fancy even for Margarita and began to call herself Rita—"

Haika's drooping figure is suddenly erect. Rita—someone saying Rita—?

"Well," she hears Skolnick's voice continue, "does her present name of Rita in English alter the fact by one iota that at birth she was given the perfectly good Jewish name of Maryim? Missman, I tell you—"

Abruptly Skolnick halts and with an exclamation leaps toward the aged woman. She has suddenly tottered to her feet, swaying dizzily, her mouth open, her hands pawing the air. She seems to be choking. Missman hastens for a glass of water. She gulps down half a mouthful and clutches Skolnick's sleeves. She becomes articulate. With eager tears she pleads:

"This girl Rita, this girl Rita—oh, do you know her? oh tell me—tell an old woman—oh speak—speak—"

Skolnick shows his surprise and perplexity.

"Why, no, only what I've heard my granddaughter say—"

"Is she engaged—is she engaged—please—please—"

"Why, yes, I believe my Esther did tell me she is engaged to a boy—let's see—a boy named Aaron—yes, a boy named Aaron Rothberg—"

A soul-stirring cry breaks from Haika's lips. It is echoed by another at the door as her daughter-in-law rushes frantically in, followed by Aaron. "Shvigger—!"

The aged woman is clinging to Skolnick's sleeve. Her feeble voice is pitched in hysterical ecstasy.

"God's kind messenger! May eternal life be yours. A throne in heaven. God bless you—God bless you—you have saved my beloved child. My blessed white sheep is saved. She cannot marry my beloved son. Her name is Maryim like his mother's. Rita's name is Maryim. Thank God, thank God. Her name is Maryim—Rita's name is Maryim—her name is Mary—"

There she collapses. Aaron catches her ere she falls. His face is set and drawn. He lifts her in his arms as he would a child, and carries her back to the house.

In the morning they find her still in death. On her face is an exalted smile.

Among Our Contributors

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WALTER BROCKMAN, who went to Germany nearly three years ago on a scholarship, has remained there, doing free-lance writing. His home is in Chicago, and he is a graduate of the Columbia University School of Journalism. He is a frequent contributor to the New York Times Sunday Magazine.

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Reveries in Frankfurt's Juden-Gasse

By DAVID EWEN

TIME has mercifully forgotten Frankfurt's aged Juden-Gasse. Yesterday it was a dark and dismal ghetto where the Jews of Frankfurt were kept imprisoned, from which they were forbidden by law to leave after sunset, and where they swarmed like so many flies. Today, civilization and progress have crushed that law—but fortunately neither civilization nor progress could touch and mar those quaint streets and houses, colorful reminders of the past.

Like Philip Standish in Balderston's beautiful play, "Berkeley Square," one can, in Frankfurt, step from the present into the past, and from one world into another, a far different one. The busy, commercial world of Schillerstrasse and Kaiserstrasse is directly behind us, where the noise of tramways, of shrieking automobiles, of hurrying masses frightens the very air. But just a few steps beyond, another world gapes at us; "here all is peace and quiet." We are suddenly in the heart of the Jewish ghetto of Frankfurt—"Juden-Gasse"—of the sixteenth century. The narrow streets zigzag into the queerest patterns, losing themselves in obscure alleys and dark, deserted byways. The old, colored hunch-backed houses lean over towards the gutters like old Jews in prayer. Here is a temple, gray and sombre with age; here, an old marketplace where the Jewish housewife of yesterday, just like the Jewish housewife of today, does her bargaining and shopping for the *Shabbos* and the *Yom tov;* here, a dark and deserted cellar where once Chassidic Jews made the very walls quiver with the ecstasy, the pain, the exaltation of their weird and poignant Chassidic prayers.

Jewish Frankfurt has forgotten to grow up. It has fallen asleep, but unlike old Rip Van Winkle, it has failed to awaken to the new world. Let it sleep . . . .

This Juden-Gasse, one feels instinctively and with an overpowering conviction, is the natural abode of the Jew—not the busy, mad, commercial city we left behind us. The Jew belongs to this ghetto, as naturally and as aptly as the lion belongs to a den. Here, one knows he feels happiest—for this is his home. Through those narrow streets one can see old Jews coming from their prayers. Their earlocks dangle under velvet skull-caps; they are dressed in black silken gabardines from which there peep out the fringes of their four-cornered garments. They walk proudly, with head raised high, through the streets—not with self-conscious shame—because here they know they *belong;* here, they know, their environment is at one with them and their religion. Nor is it strange to see those earlocks, gabardines and the fringes of the four-corner garment. On the contrary, these replicas of the past, to which the pious Jew clings with such tenacity, belong to this environment.

Breuer Synagogue, Frankfurt.

In every corner of Juden-Gasse lurk memories of the past; the past haunts its niches and corners like a ghost. We come to Börneplatz, once the market-place of Juden-Gasse, today the center of the Jewish district. Today a market-place is here, too, probably on the same spot where it was hundreds of years ago. But let us not stop to look at the vegetables! For across the street there stands a proud synagogue, not very old, it is true—but next to it is the Ehem Israel Friedhop, a cemetery where for centuries the dead of Israel in Frankfurt have been buried.

Here we must pause, to wander under the cool overhanging arbors, to look at the crumbling, mildewed stones which speak of Jews who once lived in Juden-Gasse. In one section lie the rabbis of Israel; just as they were in a class by themselves when alive, so are they segregated in a unique spot when dead. Rabbis who kept Hebrew learning, Hebrew wisdom, yea, the Hebrew religion alive in those turbulent years! In another corner lie the poets and singers of Frankfurt's Israel. They had sung of the glory of their religion and the pain of exile—hoping, perhaps, to attain immortality with their soft, sad verses. But now they lie dead—and securely forgotten. And here, in the very center of the cemetery, lie the rabble of Israel—poor, unassuming Jews who have no outstanding or especial virtue, no unique gift to point to except their humble piety, their honesty and goodness and their implicit belief in God and His religion.

So they lie here—some having been buried as far back as 1100!—and not even the ugly stones above their heads can remind us who or what they were—except that they were Jews. For time has maliciously obliterated the Hebrew letters formerly engraved on the stones, and with them every memory of those who lie under them. But once in awhile, as one wanders through this cemetery, looking at these humble stones, one stumbles across a tablet which Time, in his terrible hurry, has forgotten to touch. And so it was almost with ecstacy that I could painfully decipher the Hebrew words on one tablet. It read:

"Here lies Yosef ben Isaiah Halevi,
A good and pious Jew he was,
Died 1228 (approximately),
May his memory be a blessing."

That was all. A simple panegyric, but yet how eloquent! A good and pious Jew he was. Can any Jew wish for a better epitaph?

And if the deciphering of this epitaph brought with it something akin to ecstacy, what can one say about the thought that suddenly dawned upon me as I looked upon the grave? The thought that if Yosef ben Isaiah Halevi, who died in 1228, were to rise from his grave today and were to wander through Frankfurt's Juden-Gasse he might perhaps recognize a street, here and there, a water-place in the center of Fahrgasse and perhaps even a humble building which has withstood the havoc of Time!

And the slow rambling must continue! One turns to the right to Fahrgasse, a street which dates almost in entirety (with the exception of a few solitary buildings) from the late 15th century. Quaint street, this! But a still quainter house—at No. 26—makes one stop short. The entire facade is covered with the most colorful—almost garishly colorful—paintings. One stops to inspect the house. At the doorpost, right next to where a *mazuzah* must once have been nailed, are painted two family insignias. In those years, we all know, Jews did not have surnames but were designated by family insignias. One inspects those insignias more closely; though weatherbeaten and discolored, they are still recognizable. And one sign was a ship; and the second was a red shield. Evidently, the two families who lived here were known as the "Schiff" family and the "Rothschild" family.

And these same Schiff and Rothschild families were soon to produce two of the greatest bankers the world has known. And, in many respects, a whole progeny of great Jews. . . .

This Fahrgasse is full of Rothschild memories. Directly across from his house stands the synagogue where he used to pray—a handsome and awe-inspiring building. A few steps further on—at No. 146—stands the building where he opened his first bank early in the 18th century. Today that bank has been converted into a museum of Jewish Cult Relics. Here, too, must one linger.

For here stand old arks, saved from medieval synagogues of Frankfurt which have since been torn down or burnt. One can peer at aged parchments—the Torah, the huge Bible, the medieval *Sidur*—and realize how many years of painful but loving labor it must have required for some rabbi to sit night and day and, with his own hand, to print all those beautiful Hebrew letters; how, after many years of such exhausting work, when he appended the final *Chazak*, with what ecstacy he must have looked upon his fruit. No musician ever looked upon a completed symphony, no poet upon a completed epic, nor painter upon a completed mural, with as much inner ecstacy as did these rabbis when a Torah finally left their hand completed. For the artist works only for his own happiness—but these old Jews worked not for their own satisfaction but for the greater glory of their God. . . .

And so, after fingering the silver pendants once proudly worn by Torahs, after inspecting manuscripts of song and verse by forgotten Jewish troubadors, after looking at Jewish paintings, one continues the ceaseless way. One must next trace Börnestrasse from one end to another—look at the old *Yeshivah*—as old as the world, it seems to the onlooker—at the old Jewish homes (so aged that it seems that at the slightest touch they would crumble at one's feet), at some of the older shops.

And one wanders in revery—but before one realizes it, his erring feet have brought him suddenly back to the mad, commercial city. One has taken the fatal step back into the present. One becomes awakened with a rude jerk.

But fortunately old Jewish Frankfurt slumbers on. . . .

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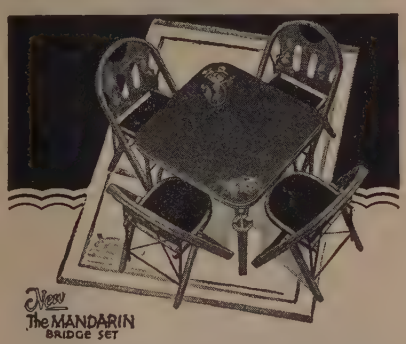

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Andre Maurois Visits America

By HAYNES A. GILBERT

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY of New Jersey, and the New School of Social Research in New York, have made possible the arrival in America of one of France's truly outstanding literary figures. Andre Maurois, who all this year is each week commuting between New York and New Jersey to lecture on French literature, needs, I am sure, very little introduction to American book-lovers. Who has not read his *Ariel*—that exquisite, sensitive, beautifully carved life-story of Shelley which, if it did not introduce the vogue for the "modern-biography" (Maurois constantly acknowledges his indebtedness to that giant of modern biography, Lytton Strachey), at least spread the vogue, like some contagious disease, to the four corners of the world? Who has not read his other beautiful biographical stories—the ones on Disraeli and Byron, especially? And then there is his novel, in which he revealed a narrative talent consummate and profound. Surely, all this has blazed his name across the ocean and brought it before the eyes of everyone interested in good literature.

No, Andre Maurois requires no introduction. His name speaks for itself much more loudly than any words. Yet, a brief account about his background, his cultural growth, his rise as a literary figure—all of which have for some mysterious reason been so long obscure to us—will, I feel, not be out of place.

Andre Maurois was born in Paris, to Jewish parents, in 1885. His parents were bourgeois shopkeepers who interested themselves deeply not only in matters Jewish, but also in cultural affairs. Andre, therefore, from his earliest years received from them something of a cosmopolitan education. Today he tells us that much of his rich intellectual background is due to this early training from his parents; certainly his interest in Jewish problems can easily be traced to this influence. But for this early training—Maurois tells us—he fears that today he would have little enough kinship with his race.

From his childhood he manifested an unsated eagerness for scholarship. He learned his lessons from his parents,

Andre Maurois

and then from his early teachers, with zeal and rapidity. Then, as a student in the *Lycee Corneille* (in Rouen) he made such remarkable strides in his intellectual studies that his teachers strenuously urged him to pursue a life of scholarship—and perhaps one of literature. Fortunately, his father also urged him to live an intellectual life. With that genuine Jewish love for culture, his father induced him to scrupulously avoid the world of business, shops, petty dealings, and to devote his life to something infinitely higher and nobler: to become a man of learning. With such encouragement ringing in his ears, work proved to be sweet, indeed. Andre Maurois developed rapidly. And in his 21st year he was definitely engaged in scholarly work. His literary career came much later—although Maurois tells us that he played with ideas on paper as far back as he could hold a pen in hand. Meanwhile, he pursued the vocation of pedagogy, teaching in Paris courses on literature and the arts. For ten years Maurois was the pedagogue, all this while becoming adept in various modern languages. This knowledge, incidentally, he was to use to great advantage during the war. From 191 to 1917 he served as interpreter at tached to the various staff headquar ters of the British Army.

It was after the war that Mauroi definitely decided to push everythin else aside and to devote himself en tirely to literature. A position a teacher was offered to him—which h refused. He burned his bridges be hind him. He would throw himsel completely into the literary whirlpool Some of his friends protested that thi was suicide; others threw up thei hands in despair, completely unabl to understand the reason for so rash a decision. And who can explain it Not even Maurois himself. Something within him—long brewing, long fo menting—cried for expression. I had to come out eventually. Mauroi was now merely yielding, blindly an inevitably, to some deep inner voice

At first Maurois enlisted his pen i the discussion of those things he knew so well. He wrote of literature an art — brilliant, scintillating, critica studies on French literature, art, an culture. Editors rubbed their eye with bewilderment. From where ha this unknown critic come? He ha brought with him a new insight, a new understanding, a deeper, more discern ing and finer comprehension of litera ture and the arts. The finest literary journals in France and England pub lished these critical essays; soon after wards even America joined the pa rade. Before long, Andre Mauroi was being recognized, both in Europe and in America, as one of our leadin critical figures.

And then when his touch felt surer when he felt that he had completely mastered his style and his flow of words, Maurois turned to more serious creative efforts. In 1924, he wrote his first important work, *Ariel*. An in 1925, the whole world knew about him and honored him for a truly re markable achievement.

Although it is a little more than six years since the publication of *Ariel* the book is still widely read and still spoken of with interest and enthusiasm. For Maurois had done what Strachey before him, and what thou sands of imitators since, have tried to do. He freed the biography from its cloistered, dusty niche and made it more human, more palpitant, alive

d nearer to us. Great figures no nger become encased in stained-ass attitudes; they are no longer ried under the massive weight of avy verbiage, obscurity, and dull-ss. They are now human beings—you and I are—with human faults d virtues. Modern biography be-me something of a novel with some eat historical or literary figure as ntral character—turning facts into ncies and fancies into facts.

Ariel was the first of these very man biographies. Immediately aft-wards it was followed by *Mape: The orld of Illusion*—a study of three eat geniuses (the word "mape" was ned by Maurois's little daughter, d was always used by her to denote mystical kingdom of fancies, dreams, d reveries far removed from ality); after *Mape* came *Disraeli*—keen study of a great Jew, delving eply into the psychology of that man genius; after *Disraeli* came *Byron* a beautiful story in a prose that al-st touched poetry. And then there s none to deny that under Andre aurois's touch, biography had sud-nly become a rejuvenated form of erary art.

Because he made his greatest appeal the literary world as a biographer fascinating personalities, Maurois's er literary achievements are often justifiably slighted. This is neither fair nor a correct evaluation, for his ch is far more versatile, his literary ent far more universal. In speak-g of Maurois as a literary figure one st not forget the mountain of pene-ating essays on matters literary, tistic, and cultural that have come m his pen, and which have been blished in almost every outstanding rnal on both continents. One must t forget *Bernard Quesnay*, a novel great scope, breadth, and vitality ich one critic fearlessly compared to at monumental *Jean-Christophe* of main Rolland. Also, one must not get his recent *Aspects of Modern ography* in which, with clarity and sdom, he tells us exactly what goes to the making of excellent biography. many respects, these works proved their own way to be of as great literary importance as his biographi-l gems.

But, of course, to the reading public large Maurois will always be fa-us for his beautiful stories on great n which, after all, have the widest peal of all his writings. Maurois serves this fame. Though, since iel first made its appearance, such n as Emil Ludwig have tried to ulate him — and sometimes with great success, too—there has not yet arisen any figure of sufficiently great stature to obscure for us this man Maurois, who was one of the pioneers in the new field of modern-biography. For Andre Maurois, as we have since learned, was not only a pioneer in a virgin field; at the same stroke, he has also proved himself to be one of the greatest in that field.

THE HOLY LAND ELECTRIFIED

(Continued from Page 155)

thermore, irrigation of the many lands awaiting development will have to depend to a considerable extent upon the current supplied by the Company. Most of the old orange groves have till quite recently used oil for their motors.

The concession of the Palestine Electric Corporation does not cover the Jerusalem district. The municipality of Jerusalem had, in 1914, granted a concession to a Greek subject, Mr. Mavromatis, for the building of tramcars and electrical works in Jerusalem. Mr. Mavromatis had his right to the concession confirmed by the International Court of The Hague, whereupon he sold it to a British concern, the Jerusalem Electric and Public Service Corporation, Limited, with a capital of 500,000 pounds. The Board of Directors consists of Mr. William Shearer, Mr. LeBouvier, Sir Archibald Boyd Carpenter, Sir John Noble and Mr. John G. B. Stone. Messrs. Balfour and Beatty, another British Company, have constructed the electrical works and developed distribution in Jerusalem. The machinery and other technical appliances have also been delivered by British firms. That Company has been supplying current to the City of Jerusalem and vicinity more than a month, and it may be said that for the first time in history the Holy City at night, is a well lit, modern city.

It is premature to speak as yet of a proper electricity system in Palestine. The great scheme of Mr. Rutenberg is one that will take years to mature. It has involved considerable financial investments and something of the pioneer spirit in the fields of technical and economic development. It is safe to doubt whether the work would have been undertaken on purely financial grounds. Much of the money required for the operation of the concern has been supplied to the Corporation by Jewish companies at unusually low rates. Contributors to the funds are less concerned with a fair and equal return for their investment than with the realization of an ideal, that is, the upbuilding of Palestine.

It is difficult to imagine present-day Palestine without the racial acrimony that has unfortunately been so prominent a feature of the public life of the country, but the skeptic might find some consolation in the fact that it would be equally difficult to imagine modern Palestine without those far-reaching works such as the one of the Palestine Electric Corporation, which will leave their impress forever on the development and future of the Holy Land.

JEWISH CALENDAR

1931

Rosh Chodesh Shevat	Mon., Jan. 19
Chamisha O'ser B'shevat	Mon., Feb. 2
*Rosh Chodesh Adar	Weds., Feb. 18
Fast of Esther	Mon., Mar. 2
Purim	Tues., Mar. 3
Rosh Chodesh Nissan	Thurs., Mar. 19
1st Day of Pessach	Thurs., Apr. 2
8th Day of Pessach	Thurs., Apr. 9
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar	Sat., Apr. 18
Lag B'Omer	Tues., May 5
Rosh Chodesh Sivan	Sun., May 17
Shavuoth	Fri., May 22
	Sat., May 23

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.
**Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.*

Next Month

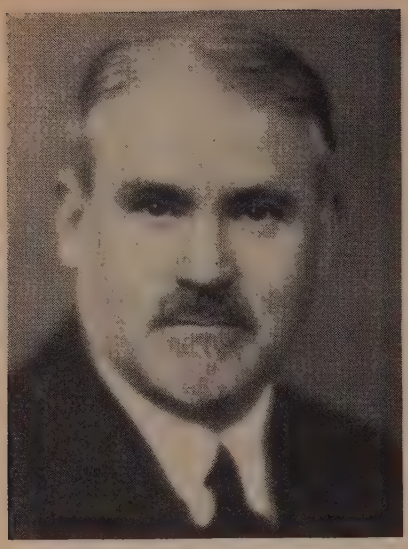
Many American Jews would be surprised if told that there is more than one Purim. But in the March issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, Rabbi Leon Spitz tells of "A HUNDRED PURIMS.". . . Few persons are living today who have seen the great Sir Moses Montefiore. Mrs. Rosa Sonneschein is one. She tells her experience in an article entitled "THE FACE IN THE CARRIAGE.". . . Five years before Herzl published his "Jewish State," demands amazingly similar were indorsed by men in America of greater prominence than he ever hoped to approach. This fact has been unearthed from the obscurity of forgotten archives by Dr. Karl Vornberg, the author and editor, in an absorbing article, "AMERICA, THE CRADLE OF ZIONISM.". . . Palestine is developing not only industrially but artistically, and one of the most amazing expressions in the latter field is the work of Rebecca Stark-Avivi, who makes dolls which are quaint but lifelike. M. Narkis, the curator of the Bezalel Museum describes her work in "THE MOTHER OF DOLLS.". . . Dr. Joshua Bloch, head of the Semitics department of the New York Public Library, pays a sincere tribute to "JUDAH LEON GORDON," the great Hebrew poet of the 19th century. . . . Walter Buchler, who is traveling around the world, has sent in an interesting article on "THE JEWS OF INDIA."

This is only to give you a slight idea of the contents of the

MARCH ISSUE
B'nai B'rith Magazine
Out February 25

PORTRAIT OF TWO JEWISH LEADERS

By LOUIS MINSKY



Bernard G. Richards

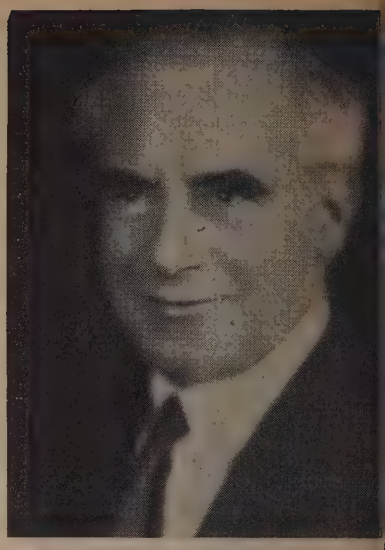
BERNARD G. RICHARDS is celebrating his 15th consecutive year with the American Jewish Congress as its executive director. He is one of the founders of this representative body of American Jews. The best part of his life has been devoted to righting injustices done the Jewish people throughout the world. He is also a well-known author and journalist. His figure is a statesman-like one. Short of build, his features nevertheless capture the attention. He possesses one of those neatly trimmed beards which, while rather in vogue with young geniuses simulating age, have passed out of style among older men in this hairless age. He nearly always wears blue shirts and dark suits. He speaks slowly and carefully and often gets enthusiastic over some topic close to his heart. Often he is absent-minded with a conspicuous, far-away look in his eyes. He shuts himself up in his office, but is very cordial to visitors and acquaintances.

He is not a clever orator. He rarely makes speeches and when he does, often reads from manuscript. His voice on such occasions is soft and mellow and does not strive for effect. Like most writers and thinkers he is more at home with the pen than with the spoken word. His speeches are invariably brilliant ones.

Richards is an idealist, but an idealist with sufficient of a cynical disposition to give him a realist outlook on things. He hates the crowded life of big cities and himself lives in one of the suburbs of New York. He believes the crowning curse of the Jew is his passion for living an urban existence and crowding himself into the professions. He advocates a "back to the land movement" among Jews. He thinks New York Jews should build a farm colony in one of the eastern states where they could engage in whatever profession they might otherwise prefer in the city and sell their products in New York.

He is a passionate advocate of democracy in Jewish life. He has no patience with secret Jewish meetings, with Jewish conventions where autocracy is the predominating note, with a Jewish leadership that is other than intellectual and chosen by the masses. He holds in contempt those whose Judaism is pusillanimous and temporizing. While he is a Reform Jew, he frowns on any attitude having as its keynote assimilation. Like his confrere, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, he is an ardent Zionist and is a member of the Executive Committee of the Zionist Organization of America.

His ambition is to see the American Jewish Congress as representative a body of American Jewry as the Jewish Board of Deputies is of Anglo-Jewry. For the ultimate realization of this aim he believes the Congress must embark upon a program not negative, as in the past, but positive also. By a positive program he infers a constructive program for the upbuilding of a virile reservoir of Judaism in America. When the Congress is in a position to tackle such fundamental problems as Jewish education, the strengthening of Judaism in the youth, and positive questions of a similar nature, he will be infinitely happy. In the meantime he goes on with his work of defending the Jewish minority rights in Europe and combatting anti-Jewish discrimination in America.



Jacob De Haas

JACOB DE HAAS has be high in the ranks of t Zionist leadership since t inception of the movemer He was Theodore Herz secretary when that i mortal man was laying the found tions for the greatest Jewish mov ment of modern times. De Haas w then a young journalist, a reporter the London newspapers. Later, was editor of the *London Jewish Wor* the sister paper to the famous *Lond Jewish Chronicle*. The editor of t *Chronicle*, L. J. Greenberg, and Haas were schoolmates together. Bo men are pillars of political Zionis Greenberg is carrying on his work London, De Haas in America. Haas has changed the complexion Zionism from a half-hearted mov ment, willy-nilly, following an obfu ticated leadership, to a healthy sta of Jewish nationalism, that has defini political aims in mind.

He professes to be a democrat b is really a kindly autocrat. Ma times he is a real democrat, partic larly when it comes to aims whi coincide with his own. He is a r markable propagandist as well as excellent writer. Unlike most jou nalists, he has a great deal of or torical ability. He speaks with English accent that is slowly wea ing off from much usage in Americ He speaks slowly and fixes his ga upon some member of the audienc as if speaking for that person's ec fication alone. Then he switches h gaze to someone else. He smil broadly and good humoredly when talks.

In his office, he works quickly, shing off instructions rapidly. His havior with visitors is unlike that of ost of his associates. Often he will ruse the contents of an entire anuscript while listening to you, not king his eyes from the paper for a oment. He is very secretive with wspapermen.

He is short, clean shaven, but once d a mustache. He smokes a pipe ntinually. If you smoke a pipe, too, does not ask you what tobacco u smoke. Sometimes he smokes gars. He is very terse in most atters. Some people do not like m because he is so abrupt.

He is ceaseless in his activities for e Zionist movement. During the ne he was out of office, after the lestine massacres in 1929, he went ngle handed into clubs and organ-ations and debated for the Zionist use. Sometimes he debated against o Arabs at once, and sometimes ainst an Arab and a speaker for the itish government. He has a re-arkable collection of data on Pales-ne and Zionism. He is well liked by s friends and hated by his enemies. l Zionists, however, respect his ility.

In contrast to other observers, De Haas does not make it his aim to denounce American Jews and expose their failings. Rather, he always dwells on the finer side of American-Jewish life. He is one of the few writers who have a deep appreciation of the problems confronting American Jewry, problems which are made more difficult in view of the heterogeneous elements of which they are composed. He likes, in his writings, to show the accomplishments of American Jews as a group. As an Englishman, he marvels at their "go-getter" spirit, and is not hesitant in becoming enthusiastic over it when adumbrating his sentiment to British Jews. He is firmly convinced that the Zionist movement has initiated a new spirit of democracy in American-Jewish life. He is particularly interested in the question of an American-Jewish leadership. He thinks that the death of Louis Marshall has left a gap which has not yet been filled.

Another feature of American-Jewish life which has De Haas's admiration are the well organized "drives" conducted by Jewish charitable organizations. He has written many articles devoted to this subject alone. He believes the geniuses behind these drives are the finest organizers living.

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A 30-Year Old Jewish Mayor

By LAURENCE BUTTENWIESER

THE city of Windsor, Ontario, enters the year 1931 with a 30-year-old Jew, David Arnold Croll, as its mayor. In an election in which he soundly trounced four other candidates, Mr. Croll, an active member of the B'nai B'rith, established two records.

He became the first Jew in the history of Canada to be elected mayor of a city—in fact only one municipality, the town of Huntsville, Ontario, lays previous claim to having a Jew as its chief executive. And he became the youngest mayor of any good-sized city in Canada.

But behind the election of this energetic young barrister, there lies a far greater story than is told by these two records.

David Arnold Croll was brought to Canada from the ghetto of Moscow by his nearly-penniless parents in the spring of 1906. This six-year-old boy was the eldest of four sons. None of the family knew a single word of English.

Hillel Croll, the head of this household, had been a cattle buyer in Russia. With his wife Minnie ever a staunch companion, he entered business in Windsor, operating a little grocery store.

Those early years in the new land, while the family was being augmented by the arrival of another son and a daughter, were perilous ones. The Croll parents found it a difficult task to provide for their brood.

But young David soon came to their aid by selling newspapers—an occupation he began by carrying a few copies under his arm and ended by operating his own news-stands throughout the downtown district. And an occupation, too, which he did not abandon until eleven years ago.

The other boys pitched in and did their share as they grew up, and, one for all and all for one, saw to it that the children of Hillel and Minnie Croll gained an education.

David financed his way through the public schools of Windsor and then through a law course at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. He was called to the bar in November, 1925.

His brothers and sister have equally fine records. Leo, two years younger than David, is an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist in Detroit. He graduated in medicine at the University of Michigan and took post-graduate study at the New York General Hospital and Johns Hopkins. Samuel and Maurice, the two other boys born in Russia, both graduated in dentistry at the University of Michigan, and after post-graduate work, are practicing in Detroit, Maurice as an extraction specialist. Cecil, the youngest son, is to be graduated in law shortly at Osgoode Hall, and Evelyn, although only 20, is now a dental hygienist in Detroit.

David, after being called to the bar,

His Honor, David A. Croll, Mayor of Windsor.

was affiliated with a Windsor law firm as junior partner for two years. In 1928, he branched out for himself and established the firm of Croll and Company, now one of the leading legal houses in the Canadian Border Cities.

And through these years he devoted a great deal of time to Jewish activities. In addition to being a member of B'nai B'rith since the formation of Windsor Lodge in 1923, he has played an important part in the Talmud Torah and the Zionist Society. He was president of both during 1928 and 1929.

To his activity while president of the Talmud Torah is given the major credit for an increase in enrollment from 40 to more than 300 during the past four years. The school, whi is now housed in a new building, affiliated with the Detroit Talm Torah, under Professor Berna Isaacs.

Mr. Croll is a director also of t Shar Hashymoian Synagogue. H record of activity in Jewish affai includes participation in every Zio ist drive in the Border Cities.

Mr. Croll's interests have not be centered, however, about purely ed cational matters alone. During h collegiate days, even though he w supporting himself as well as gaini high marks in his studies, he fou time for athletics. He "made" t school football, baseball and baske ball teams.

Upon entering the business wor he turned to politics, being secreta of the West Essex Liberal associati for several years. He had no desi to stand for public office, howeve until his friends persuaded him, le than two months before the Decemb municipal election, that he could of service to his city in the mayo chair.

With his interest once aroused, M Croll entered the race whole-hear edly and staged an aggressive ca paign. The major reform plank in h platform called for the establishme of a Community Fund to suppla various relief organizations now fun tioning and to centralize their acti ties. And he promised relief to t unemployed through the carrying o of a large program of beneficial publ works.

The sincerity of this young man, h fire and determination, won the vote to his cause. They were impresse by his record in establishing himsel and by the reputation he had won his legal practice of helping all tho who came to him for advice, eve though they were without fund Fears that with his youth there mig be flightiness were offset by the pre ence of his own family of a wife an two young daughters.

In David Arnold Croll, therefor the voters of Windsor placed the trust. He accepted it in a pledg that by its simplicity admirably po trayed his character.

"I thank you for your trust in me, he said. "I promise you I will b faithful to it."

THE PRINTED PAGE

IN FURTHER EXPLANATION

Great Betrayal, by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Jacob de Haas (Brentano's) $2.

Case for the Jews, by Louis J. Gribetz (Bloch) $1.50.

HERE is a standard tale in Washington, D. C., that in an emergency Government printing office set the e, read proof, printed, bound, and ready for distribution a volume 600 pages in 24 hours. With al- st equal speed and technical effi- ncy two books have appeared simul- eously dealing with the distressing ıation in Palestine. Mr. Gribetz, author of the small book (alto- her 126 small pages when all the endices are included, or less than without them), admits that "while work was originally planned to be larger scope, the emergency cre- d by the recent developments in estine forced it to a quicker con- sion and to a briefer form." The ıt effort of Dr. Wise and Mr. de as was only undertaken after the ıance of the Passfield White Paper October 20. As Dr. Wise informs in the introduction, it was only ause of a sudden illness that a laborator had to be called in, and haps some delay occasioned. The ount of effort that the preparation the book in so short a time re- red, must have been prodigious.

Perhaps it would be unfair to make invidious comparisons between two books which, though dealing h the same subject, have been con- ved at different times and repre- t somewhat different methods of roach. Mr. Gribetz's method of nking is largely legalistic and logi- There is a good deal of inter- tation of words and phrases, as instance, a page-long discussion the meaning of the words "view h favor," or the full responsibility the words "best endeavors," etc. one who knows and admires Dr. se and Mr. de Haas would expect m to approach the problem in the ne manner and spirit. In fact, they w a somewhat healthy irritation inst fellow-Zionists because they ill have abundant respect for the rd." Whatever the particular words d, we are dealing with the compli- ed series of conflicts of political, ional, and economic interests. The fervor and eloquence of "The Great Betrayal" is of course not unexpected. If it was thought necessary to have a *book* on the subject while it was still in the very cauldron of human passions (and as to that opinions will differ) then the joint authors have done their work remarkably well. Perhaps the best advice to the reader who is deeply interested and concerned is to avail himself of both books and then patiently wait for the third, which will undoubtedly have to be written when a somewhat more stable equilibrium has been reached.

To the majority of Jewish leaders both books will make very pleasant reading, for it is always gratifying to find in formal print a confirmation of one's views. Does or does not the Passfield White Paper conform to the letter and spirit of the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate? This appears to be almost a naive question, for no one except Lord Passfield himself and Mr. MacDonald, out of a somber sense of loyalty to his colleague, have given an affirmative reply to this question. Jewish opinion is unanimously in the negative. Practically all the three parties in England, the labor movement of the world, and members of the Mandate Commission have expressed themselves to the same effect. For once the Arabs agree with the Jews, if not as to the justice of the White Paper, then at least to its meaning being contradictory to the Balfour Declaration. Lord Passfield, our old good friend Sidney Webb, is an economist rather than a lawyer. It would seem that he will require legal talent of the first magnitude to defend his stand in any court of justice or before the court of bigotry.

I. M. RUBINOW.

* * *

AN EXCELLENT REVIEW

A History of Jewish Literature, by Meyer Waxman (Bloch).

MOHAMMED called the Jews "the people of the Book," and his *bon mot* is perhaps responsible for the not uncommon impression that the Bible is the sole production of Hebrew literary genius. Only the few have been aware that "of the making of books there has been no end" among Jews, and that a considerable library of works has been produced which even now have more than mere antiquarian interest. The Jew has his classics just like other peoples, to which he turns from time to time and which in the editions through which they have passed have achieved literary immortality.

Dr. Waxman in the work before us gives an excellent review of what the Jew has done in the way of creative writing. This initial volume of a projected two that are to cover the whole field from the close of the Bible down to our own day brings the story to the end of the 12th century. The author is to be congratulated on his attempt, the first in English, to do a most necessary and hitherto comparatively neglected piece of work. The book is characterized by soundness of scholarship, by wide acquaintance with the forces that directed Jewish history and thus colored its literature, by a fine sense of values, by a due originality, and by the feeling of pervading unity.

Jewish literature differs from other "literatures" not only in that the "national" note, in the generally accepted sense, is so often missing, but also in that Jewish writing is frequently not rooted in the soil. While a high degree of art is frequently achieved, most of post-Biblical literary output can hardly be called "belles lettres." Jewish literature is frequently nothing more than Jewish books on every conceivable subject, and its story might more aptly be called Jewish bibliography. But even the humblest of tomes of the many that have survived in whole or in part are characterized by one feature—the religious note. God is the national soil in which Jewish literature is rooted. Up to less than two centuries ago not even the mathematical works could be called secular.

Our author presents clearly the background, historical and cultural, from which the books emerged. The setting is rich and varied; the Jew wrote in Hebrew, Aramaic, Greek and Arabic; he produced manifold types: Apocalypse, Halakha, Hagada, Piyut, and philosophy. Certain countries are

characterized by certain forms and styles: France, by Exegesis and Commentary; Germany, by Mysticism; Spain, by Metaphysics. This one-sidedness of the Jewish life and literature, centering as it did in religion, did not prevent its being richly varied and original in the genres it produced. Dr. Waxman pictures this pageant colorfully and vividly, as it moves across the ages, growing in size and importance in every decade.

Many of the chapters are actually sections and treatments of the special subject matter, a bit too full for the casual reader but always of value to the careful student. It might possibly have been worthwhile to condense the sometimes prolix presentations and give a few citations by way of illustration. The proof-reading of the book was not sufficiently careful and the work suffers from all too frequent lapses of style. Remarkably few omissions occur, though the Prayer Book surely deserves a chapter of its own in such a history, and the New Testament in certain of its parts as well as other similar propaganda material are Jewish books no less than the pseudepigraphical literature which we have disowned along with the early Judeo-Christian works. Professor Waxman, known to many primarily by his Hebrew writings and his fine essay on Crescas, has added to his scholarly laurels by this pioneering achievement in a difficult field. American Jewry has made through him another notable contribution to the knowledge of Judaism, which deserves a large circulation.

FELIX LEVY.

* * *

PROTRACTED HYSTERIA

David Golder, by Irene Nemirovsky—Translated by Sylvia Stuart—(Liveright) $2.

THE cause of the "fanfare" which, according to the blurb, greeted "David Golder" in Paris, is somewhat mysterious, and probably not altogether pure in its origin. Judged from a literary standpoint alone, the novel is subject to criticism. At its best, it approaches the objective intensity of Julian Green, but its best does not predominate. For the most part, the novel develops along a plane of protracted hysteria, the finer qualities of the writing buried beneath a pile of labored analogy. For description, it depends largely upon the use of qualification, so that a noun rarely stands alone, but is preceded by a series of adjectives of great lavishness, but employed without restraint.

From a social point of view, "David Golder" is likely to harm the Jew. It substantiates Gentile prejudices, and creates a bathetic picture of a Jew and his associates, which is bound to enlarge certain misconceptions of already enormous proportions. Undoubtedly this was not the intention of Irene Nemirovsky. In giving David Golder a Soul, in making him the one living, acutely suffering character, she may have intended that his agony, the agony of the aging man, unloved and lonely, should, in a sense, cleanse the behavior of his family, which is painted in the blackest colors. But a continuous process of heaping ignominy upon the old Jew, making him the victim of ingratitude and treachery, neither explains nor explains away the psychological meaning or artistic purpose of creating the remaining characters after the fashion of villains of the cheapest brand. Whether consciously, or innocently, Mme. Nemirovsky has impregnated her novel with the questionable ethics of the "not-that-kind-of-a-Jew" philosophy.

David Golder is a Jew of Russian birth, American upbringing, who makes his final fortune in Paris. He has played a role in fiction before. So has his wife, a heavily jewelled and painted woman, clearly meant to be the epitome of all that is ignoble in Jewish wives of this strata. She is surrounded by an improbable group of Ducs, Princes, and Maharajahs, and the inevitable lovers who, in accordance with their part, eat up the hard-earned wealth of poor Golder. The lover admires cologne, wines, and flowers that smell like cloves, and the climax of the novel is attained when Golder is told by his wife that this scoundrel is the father of their daughter! It is with some difficulty that the reader can identify himself with Golder's pain, for treachery of the vilest sort is made to glow behind the bewitching smile of the daughter.

Golder's fury does not last. And again Irene Nemirovsky relies upon another well worn prejudice concerning the Jew—his infinite parental devotion. She even goes further, so that the emotion asserts itself even when the father is no longer the parent of the daughter. In short, he forgives her. His withdrawal from life and financial pursuits cannot l A Jew is a Jew for all that. He lo his money, and he loves the girl once ridiculously spoiled as his dau ter. He returns to the former, rescue the latter from an unfortun marriage. His reward is to die heart trouble, while quite alone Russia, the land of his unhappy bi

OLGA RUBINOW

* * *

ANOTHER EAST SIDE CLASS

The Mother, by Sholom Asch (Li right) $2.50.

THE year 1930 witnessed publication of three remarka fine books having New York's ghe as their background. The first Michael Gold's "Jews Without Mone then came "Aaron Traum," by Hyn and Lester Cohen; and the latest "The Mother" by one of the great living writers in Yiddish, Sholom As

There is a poignancy about all these books that causes them to st in one's memory a long time; and passing months mellow this reacti As a piece of literature, Mr. Asc book is perhaps the finest of the thr although just a step behind "Aa Traum" as a piece of literary nar tion. Both the Cohens and Sholom Asch are doing much to vance the nearly lost art of p narration in modern Anglo-Jew literature.

Do not think that "The Mother" another of those sickly-sentimer paeons in praise of a time-hono subject. It is a closely-construc story, beginning with a Jewish fan in Poland, and taking that family New York's East Side and tracing fortunes of its various members the realistic tradition. Always in background, and often to the fro is the mother—the eternal Jew mother—watching lovingly, grim passionately, over her brood e unto the moment of her death. It a masterful piece of work, this ture of a mother, and strongly miniscent of Michael Gold's extra dinary and more autobiographi account.

But a fresh concept is injected Asch's work in the form of Mothe oldest daughter, Dvoyrele. The half of the book tells of Dvoyrel affair with an embryonic genius, in the girl's sacrifices, including last and greatest sacrifice, we see t she is the true daughter of her moth and is herself another link in t immortal chain we call motherho

EDWARD E. GRUSD

NEWS OF THE LODGES

I. B. Jashenosky

ıshenosky Memorial Fund For Released Prisoners Started by Zion Lodge No. 62

By Prisoner No. 55276, Ohio Penitentiary

HE late I. B. Jashenosky died in Columbus, Ohio, on April 4, 1930, in his 79th year. He was an active member of B'nai B'rith since 1871 and just prior to his death his dge made him an honorary member r life. For many years he served, thout any material compensation, Jewish chaplain at the Ohio Peni-ntiary. In that capacity he assidu-sly taught his charges the exalted inciples of Judaism and constantly horted them to a greater respect for ancient precepts. Although his en-e life was one directed to many blic services, his social welfare ork behind the grim walls of the ison was, undoubtedly, his favorite rsuit. In the Ohio Penitentiary he und a fertile field of endeavor, and s indefatigable efforts were effica-ous to an immeasurable degree.

Through the efforts of Zion Lodge o. 62, of Columbus, the I. B. shenosky Memorial Fund, to aid wish inmates of the Ohio Peniten-ry upon their release, was founded. Shortly after Mr. Jashenosky's ath, his friends expressed themselves as desirous of contributing toward some fitting memorial. From the many suggestions offered, the I. B. Jashenosky Memorial Fund, to aid discharged prisoners, was selected because of the often expressed wish of Mr. Jashenosky himself that such a fund be made available. Its choice was further influenced because the Fund's particular duty was symbolic of the man whom it commemorated. A foundation of this nature provided a longfelt want, with its potentialities of extending aid during the most dire period following a prisoner's release.

A nucleus of an organization was formed with Mr. Jack Myers as chairman and treasurer. The fund objective was set at $2,500, and the amount was obtained by public subscription in a short period of time. The fund is controlled and functions under the auspices of the social service committee of Zion Lodge, of which Mr. Myers is chairman. The amount of the loans is not standard, but is governed by the adjudged ability of the beneficiary to rehabilitate himself, and the aid available at his ultimate destination. This loan advanced in a most stringent time is not to be confused in any way with charity.

Dating back, many loans have been made from the funds of the I. B. Jashenosky Memorial Fund and, despite the fact that skepticism is warranted over an enterprise of this nature, dealing exclusively with ex-convicts, repayment of loans have been prompt and regular. In each case where, by virtue of the Jashenosky Fund, monetary help has been given, a successful rehabilitation has been effected.

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MISSOURI Lodge No. 22, St. Louis, has published the first number of a new lodge bulletin, the *News*. This first issue was edited and published by President Alvin A. Wolff, with the help of the St. Louis chapter of A. Z. A.

No less than 41 past presidents of Missouri Lodge were honored at a special meeting of the lodge.

Isidor Kadis Appointed National Field Director of Wider Scope Committee

ISIDOR KADIS, until recently field director of the United Palestine Appeal, has been appointed national field director of the Wider Scope Committee.

Isidor Kadis

Mr. Kadis received his general and professional education in Cincinnati, where he came shortly after arriving in the United States in 1905 from his birthplace in Russia. He attended the University of Cincinnati and the Teachers' Institute of the Hebrew Union College. His social service preparation was under the direction of the late Dr. Boris D. Bogen at the Cincinnati School of Jewish Social Service.

Mr. Kadis became superintendent of the Jewish Educational Alliance, of Savannah, in 1915. From 1916 to 1918 he was director of the Jewish Educational League of Toledo. In 1918 he became executive director of the Federation of Jewish Charities in Milwaukee, which position he filled until 1922 when he became national associate secretary of the Keren Hayesod (Palestine Foundation Fund) in New York City.

He held this post until early in 1927, when he became field director of the United Palestine Appeal, and later joined the staff of the Allied Jewish Campaign in New York City.

* * *

GABRIEL DAVIDSON, general manager of the Jewish Agricultural Society, and a past president of Manhattan Lodge No. 1, New York City, has been appointed by Governor Roosevelt to serve on an agricultural advisory committee to guide the activities of a newly formed information bureau to serve prospective purchasers of farms in New York State. Brother Davidson has been affiliated with the Jewish agricultural movement in the United States for nearly 25 years.

B'nai B'rith Hall of Fame Created by Membership Bure

B'NAI B'RITH desires to give recognition to the merit of every B'nai B'rith member who renders conspicuous service to his lodge or his community.

The Membership Bureau, under the direction of Richard E. Gutstadt, therefore, is creating a B'nai B'rith Hall of Fame, which will be given regular and adequate display in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. It is planned to print monthly the photographs of 12 members selected from the various Districts of the country who have ranked the highest in point of service for the preceding month. The ranking will be determined by a point system based on lodge and community service. Ratings will be given by the lodge officers and transmitted by the lodge secretaries upon the scheduled basis to District secretaries who, after attesting that the records are accurate, will transmit the same to the national offices.

Accompanying each photograph will be a paragraph stating how all points were awarded and the type of service rendered.

Points will be awarded for obtaining new members, saving to the lodge members who would otherwise be lost through legal delinquency, the arrangement of lodge programs productive of noteworthy attendance, addressing B'nai B'rith lodge meetings, participating in lodge programs, reviewing Jewish books or current events.

* * *

WHO could resist the temptation of the course in Jewish History offered by Rabbi Isadore Hoffman at the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at Cornell University? Here are some of the topics dealt with in that course: How shall we know what parts of the Bible to regard as history?; Moses, Conservative or Radical?; the prophets, their message and influence; Greek meets Hebrew—the conflict of cultures and the Maccabean revolt; the life and times of Jesus, including the Jewish view of the crucifixion; the Talmud; the Golden Age in Spain; the Crusades and the Inquisition; Maimonides and Rashi; the secret Jews; the mystic Cabala; the Jews as money lenders with an analysis of the House of Rothschild; the Dreyfus case; Zionism; and Jewish life in America.

ONE of the finest and most impressive meetings ever held by Kansas City Lodge No. 184 was the one, recently, during which a "Phil Schier Class" of 43 members were initiated into the Order, in tribute to Brother Schier for the many years of service he has rendered Kansas City Lodge and the Order.

Phil Schier

The "Phil Schier Class" was the largest ever initiated by Kansas City Lodge. The lodge's degree team performed the initiation ritual impressively. Ben M. Achtenberg introduced the guest of honor, after paying a glowing tribute to Brother Schier. The latter was deeply moved, and he promised to continue his fine work for the Order as long as he lives. He has been a Ben B'rith for 35 years. A. J. Granoff, Rabbi Samuel S. Mayerberg, and Richard E. Gutstadt, were others who praised Brother Schier, the latter by telegram.

* * *

MEMORIAL services were held and resolutions of praise drawn up at the meeting of Los Angeles Lodge No. 487 on November 25 for Judge Elias V. Rosenkranz, vice-president of the lodge, who died recently.

PERMISSION has just been gran by the Committee on Admissi from Higher Institutions for a course which will be offered by B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation n semester for credit at the Univer of Illinois.

The course will be entitled "H toric Philosophies of Living." It intended to present the outstand characters in the history of civil tion whose careers represent uni philosophies of life. The course include such characters as Jerem Jesus, Buddha, St. Augustine, Francis, Dante, DaVinci, Spino Tolstoy. Einstein, and others. No tempt will be made to pass judgm on the worthwhileness of partic philosophies of living. Students treat them objectively.

The course will be offered by A. L. Sachar, Director of the Foun tion, and will count for two units credit at the University.

* * *

SIMON J. HELLER of Denver, F Vice-President of District Gra Lodge No. 2, was an honored guest a large cultural meeting of Kan City (Mo.) Lodge No. 184, last mon He spoke on "Modern Forces American Jewry."

A. J. Granoff, chairman of propaganda committee, reported t as a result of the recent members campaign, 85 applications for memb ship were obtained, many reinsta ments made, and $2,400 collected.

Wausau (Wis.) Lodge Proud of its Many Activiti

RIP VAN WINKLE is not the only person who finally awoke after a long sleep. Here is a communication from Sam Hoffman, secretary of Wausau Lodge No. 670, Wausau, Wis.:

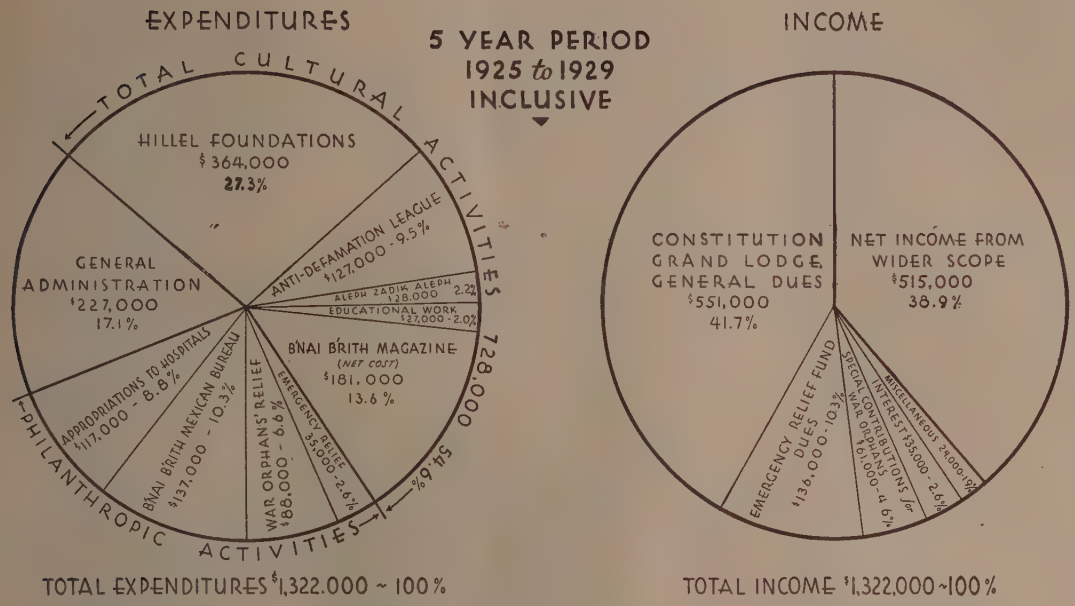
"Wausau Lodge has for the past five years been doing just about nothing. This year an enthusiastic bunch of officers got into the chairs and have just about turned things upside down. We have cleaned up our membership list, weeding out dead timber and initiating others of a different sort. As a result, although the number of our members is the same, they are now all live ones.

"To stimulate more interest in the lodge itself we have been giving parties and dances after every meeting. Recently we had for the first time in Wausau a meeting of the Upper B'nai B'rith Council. At meeting held in the afternoon th were approximately 65 attending fr all over the state. A banquet w held that was the most magnific affair ever given in this commun by Jewish people. The banquet w followed by a dance that was also w attended.

"Brother A. Sigman of Applet Wis., was the presiding officer and our guest of honor we had Jud Schein of the Superior Court of Ma son. He favored us with a talk the meeting and also at the banqu

"This was the largest gathering Jewish people in the city of Wau and to us it was very important cause we know that it has stimula interest in the lodge."

CHART SHOWING B'NAI B'RITH INCOME AND EXPENDITURES



TOTAL EXPENDITURES $1,322.000 ~ 100%

TOTAL INCOME $1,322,000~100%

THIS chart graphically shows whence B'nai B'rith money was received during the last five years and how it was expended during the same period. It can be seen that 54.6% of the funds were used for cultural activities, including the Hillel Foundations, Anti-Defamation League, A. Z. A., educational work, and the B'nai B'rith Magazine; while 28.3% of the total was spent in philanthropic activities.

Hillel Committee of Springfield (Mass.) Lodge Furnishes Headquarters for Jewish Students

SPRINGFIELD (Mass.) Lodge No. 684 has set an example which may prove extremely significant in the Order's program of providing a Jewish background for Jewish college students. The lodge has voted a sum to be used by the Hillel Committee of the lodge for the purpose of furnishing a room of a house in Amherst, Mass., where Amherst College is located. This room is to be available for use of the Jewish students at Massachusetts Agricultural College and Amherst. Here they will be able to congregate for meetings or for social purposes; regardless of the diversity of interests of the individual students, here they will all meet on common ground, as Jews.

The B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation Commission is literally beseiged with requests from universities that Hillel Foundations be established on their respective campuses, but lack of available funds has forced the Commission regretfully to decline these requests, which it would give much to grant. There are eight Hillel Foundations in the country, but dozens of campuses where Foundations are needed. While the action taken by Springfield Lodge does not form a Hillel Foundation at Amherst, since there is no director or regular Hillel program, it is in line with Hillel Foundation ideals and will doubtless result in a better esprit de corps among the students affected by it. Should many other lodges located in college towns take similar action, it would be a distinct extension, to a limited degree, of the high Jewish ideals for which the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations stand.

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MAX STEINKOPF, a member of Winnipeg Lodge No. 650, and a prominent lawyer in his city, has been appointed by the Winnipeg Board of Trade as its official delegate on the Canadian Chambers of Commerce tour through China and Japan. He is the sole representative from Winnipeg.

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JUDGE MAX L. PINANSKY of Portland, Me., former Chief Justice of the District Court of District No. 1, has been elected to the 1931 presidency of the Municipal Court Judges Association of Maine.

Jewish Prisoners Request Books

THERE are approximately 200 Jewish prisoners in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. They are greatly in need of English books on Jewish subjects as well as Yiddish books. In the home of every Jewish family there are books of this type that have been read and fully digested and then put on the shelves and left there. Each of these books may bring comfort to some unfortunate prisoner if put in the library at Leavenworth Penitentiary. The Social Service Committee of District No. 2 would appreciate it if members will mail such books to Rabbi Israel Sarasohn, Box 125, Leavenworth, Kansas, or turn them over to the secretary of a B'nai B'rith lodge, with instructions to mail them to that address, or to A. B. Cowen, General Chairman, 636 Symes Bldg., Denver, Colo.

GUS M. GREENEBAUM, past president of District No. 6, and at the present time chairman of the administrative committee, has just completed 25 years of continuous service on the General Committee. He is commemorating this silver jubilee anniversary by joining the organization of the well-known investment banking house of S. W. Straus & Co., Chicago. At the last convention of District No. 6, Leo Reitman, the retiring president, made the following reference to Brother Greenebaum in his annual report:

"Your president received valuable assistance from the administrative committee. Especially the chairman, Gus M. Greenebaum, who gave liberally of his time in the interest of the finances and the economy of the District, deserves special thanks and praise."

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MORE than 200 people were treated to a well prepared and splendidly presented debate in Detroit recently under the auspices of Pisgah Lodge No. 34. The resolution was, "That the State of Michigan enact an unemployment insurance law." Sam Charfoos and Al Nagler of Detroit Chapter No. 63, A. Z. A., upholding the affirmative, were given a majority decision over Sidney Smith and Nathan Rubin of Adolf Freund Chapter No. 93, A. Z. A. The judges were John P. Scallen, judge of Recorders' Court; Harold Goodman, former assistant attorney general; and Samuel Sternberg, past president of Pisgah Lodge.

Julius Deutelbaum, chairman of the debate, then expressed to Brother Adolph (Daddy) Freund, past president of District No. 6, the sentiments of the Lodge on his departure for his annual winter sojourn in Florida. Brother Freund replied, expressing his happiness over the cultural progress displayed by the local A. Z. A. chapters. A testimonial dinner to Brothers Freund, Bernard Ginsburg, and Jacob Miller, who served B'nai B'rith 60, 40, and 30 years respectively, which was scheduled for November 9, was postponed until the spring of 1931.

ALTHOUGH only a few months old, Boris D. Bogen Lodge No. 1129, Los Angeles, already has 171 members; while the Pearl Rubenstein Auxiliary, also recently instituted, has 79 members. For the purpose of installing three new officers in the lodge, and acquainting the people of Boyle Heights with the accomplishments of the auxiliary, a meeting was held recently in Los Angeles which attracted more than 500 men and women.

Isadore Moidel was installed as vice president; Sidney Fischer, recording secretary; and Sol Vogel, financial secretary. Sig Lipman, first vice president of District No. 4, Lionel Bernstein, district deputy, and David Tannebaum, zone deputy, had charge of the ritual.

A fine musical program was carried out in addition to interesting talks by Dr. George J. Saylin, president of Boris D. Bogen Lodge; Martin Pollock, chairman of the A. Z. A. committee; Mrs. Ben Rosenthal, president of the Pearl Rubenstein Auxiliary; Mrs. J. A. Stodel, former Women's Grand President of District No. 4; Rose Bertram, second vice president of the Women's Grand Lodge; and Charles Schotland.

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IN Paterson, New Jersey, it has been the custom of the local Board of Education to deduct full pay from teachers who absented themselves from duty on religious holidays. This rule affected a large number of Jewish teachers, who had tried for a number of years, in vain, to have the Board abolish this system.

This year Jephthah Lodge No. 143 interceded and was successful in having the Board grant the Jewish teachers three full days off for religious observance, not more than two to run successively, and they are to lose only one-half of the pay paid to substitute teachers that are engaged to replace them. This achievement is all the more significant when it is remembered that the pay of teachers in Paterson is figured on the basis of 200 teaching day a year instead of 365.

President Hoover Praises Aleph Zadik Aleph

A. Z. A. of the B'nai B'rith received one of its highest tributes from President Hoover on the Fifth International A. Z. A. Day recently. In a message addressed to this Junior Order of B'nai B'rith, the President wrote: "Cordial greetings to the members of Aleph Zadik Aleph of the B'nai B'rith on their celebration of International A. Z. A. Day and my deep appreciation of the public value of their work in behalf of the religious, charitable, and cultural life of the world."

An estimated attendance of 50,000 was present at open meetings sponsored in 125 cities by A. Z. A. chapters in celebration of the event. Out of town speakers were furnished by national headquarters to all programs. Four radio broadcasts were made during the day.

THE *Ohio Penitentiary News*, weekly newspaper published by t inmates of the institution, recently ported the following:

"That the B'nai B'rith is constan expanding the scope of its activities a is keenly alert to the prospect of le ing its support to any cause wort of attention, was the assertion of M Leonard Freiberg, President of Distr No. 2, in an address (at the penite tiary) that detailed the aims and asp ations of this organization in the fi of philanthropy as understood in widest meaning."

Brother Freiberg, who has travel throughout his District, described so of the B'nai B'rith institutions visited. He was presented by Ja Myers, chairman of the prison aid co mittee of Zion Lodge No. 62, Colu bus, O.

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B'NAI B'RITH Night was celebrat in the three leading temples Newark, N. J., recently as a featu of the membership campaign of Ezek Lodge No. 90. The purposes of B'r B'rith and in particular the Order's i terests in educational and social w fare work were stressed in pulpit a dresses by laymen, except in Temp B'nai Jeshurun, where Rabbi Solom Foster personally appealed for suppo in the campaign. Joseph Kraemer a Dr. Leon Mones, former presidents the lodge, Joseph Zemer, and Rab Leon S. Lang, were other speakers the various temples.

* * *

JULIUS M. KAHN, Judge Charles Aarons, and Leo Reitman, thr past presidents of District Grand Lod No. 6, were speakers at a recent mee ing of Gilead Lodge No. 41, Milwauke Wis. Brother Kahn addressed the bret ren on "1843—1930—What Next?" a touched upon such wide-spread subjec as the Fascist movement in Germa and other European countries, the Ant Defamation League, and other matte close to the heart of every Jew. Broth Aarons presented the B'nai B'rith cha ter to the Ladies' Auxiliary.

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GUSTAVUS LOEVINGER, of S Paul, Minn., past president District Grand Lodge No. 6, has bee appointed by the governor of Minn sota as a member of the State Teac ers' College Board. Brother Loevi ger, who has been active in all impo tant Jewish communal affairs in S Paul for many years, is his city's firs representative on the state education board.

'HE B'nai B'rith Home at Memphis, Tenn., has a new and very unusual est. His name is Edward S. Levy, is 81 years old, and comes from w Orleans. But a few months' stay the B'nai B'rith Home convinced n that he likes Memphis better than y other city in the world.

Now for the unusual part. Mr. vy, who was at one time an expert countant, can play five instruments flute, tuba, harmonica, piano, and ums. One of his compositions, even Zephyrs," was recorded by lumbia in 1908.

But that's only half. He is also a et and scenario writer. He invarily arises at 5 a. m. to take a stroll rough the deserted streets. "My st ideas come to me between the urs of 5 and 7 a. m.," he explains.

There are several other musicians d one composer living at the B'nai rith Home, and with them Mr. Levy ns to organize a small orchestra. s uncle, Dr. Samuel Harby, was itor and proprietor of the first newsper in New Orleans, the *Bee*.

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ERNARD SILVERSTEIN, attorney, of Oakland, Cal., has been med as a member of the governing ard of the Alameda County Commuty Foundation to fill the vacancy ade by the death of Albert S. Lavenn. The Foundation was created for e purpose of establishing a fund rough bequests and donations, the come of which is to be used for ilanthropic and charitable purposes.

Mr. Silverstein is an active and ominent Ben B'rith, as was his edecessor, Mr. Lavenson. Brother lverstein is a past president of Oakd Lodge, has been a member of nai B'rith for the past 24 years, d a member of the District's general mmittee for the past eight years. He s a delegate to the Constitution rand Lodge convention in Atlantic ty in 1925, as well as that held in ncinnati this year. He is also active many other Jewish and communal ndertakings.

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VE don't know why, and advance no theories of explanation, but e fact remains that Brother Louis ohen is the first member of Fond du ac (Wis.) Lodge No. 1000 to get arried since the lodge was founded 1924. Miss Deena Zussman was e lucky girl.

An event of such transcendant imortance and interest did not escape nobserved. The lodge tendered the room a magnificent banquet before the wedding. William Holman was toastmaster, and the committee consisted of David Nemschoff, Max Shapiro, Harry Manis, and Paul Richolson.

This paragraph has nothing to do with the above, but Fond du Lac Lodge has just organized a B'nai B'rith Relief Fund.

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THOUSANDS of persons listened in on San Francisco Lodge's second annual broadcast last month. There was a fine array of talent. Harry K. Wolff was master of ceremonies; Dave Zimet played jazz on the piano; Cantor Ben Gershon No Showsky sang pastoral and synagogue numbers; Allen Spivock, President of San Francisco Lodge, made a few remarks; Master Bernard Kahn gave a pocket edition version of Ted Lewis; Miss Sarah Kreindler played violin solos; Cantor Benjamin Liederman and Mrs. Mildred Leonore Epsteen sang solos; while Edgar C. Levey furnished the piece de resistance with an address on the subject of B'nai B'rith and the Hillel Foundations.

Cutting It Short

RICHARD E. GUTSTADT, Director of the B'nai B'rith Membership Bureau, delivered a stirring address on the meaning and purposes of B'nai B'rith at an initiation program of Denver (Colo.) Lodge No. 171 last month. Forty men were inducted into the Order.

More than 350 persons attended the 60th anniversary banquet of Jephthah Lodge No. 143, Paterson, N. J. Brother A. L. Wolk, President of District No. 3, was the principal speaker.

Morris D. Meyer, President of District No. 7, was chief speaker at the annual open meeting of Corsicana (Tex.) Lodge.

Mayor Leon Schwarz of Mobile, Ala., Past President of District No. 7, delivered the address of the evening at Chattanooga (Tenn.) Lodge's celebration of B'nai B'rith Day recently.

Ebn Ezra Lodge No. 47, St. Louis, Mo., honored its past presidents at a special meeting.

Brother Levy Herman, who for the past 49 years has been treasurer of Amos Lodge No. 27, Boston, Mass., celebrated his 88th birthday recently. He takes an active interest in all lodge activities. Amos Lodge plans to give a gala celebration in his honor on his 90th birthday.

The new B'nai B'rith Club in New York City was fittingly opened by Manhattan-Washington Lodge No. 19, when Rabbi Louis I. Newman addressed the first B'nai B'rith meeting to be held there on "The Romance of Human History." The new quarters are located at 36 W. 69th St.

Toronto (Canada) Lodge No. 836 held a monster stag recently at the King Edward Hotel. Presentations were made to the B'nai B'rith Softball Team.

Larry Glick, son of Brother and Mrs. M. Glick of Huntington, W. Va., has been elected senior manager of the Ohio State varsity football squad.

The graduating class of the Boy Guidance department at Notre Dame University will make a detailed and searching study of the activities and program of Aleph Zadik Aleph of B'nai B'rith.

Rabbi Leon Fram of Detroit spoke on the life of the Jews in Soviet Russia at a meeting of Grand Rapids (Mich.) Lodge No. 238, which attracted 150 persons. The local A. Z. A. chapter was present.

At each meeting of Bellingham (Wash.) Lodge No. 756, several members of the lodge engage in a speaking contest on a Jewish subject. Copies of their addresses are sent to Brother Richard E. Gutstadt, Director of the Membership Bureau of B'nai B'rith, who selects a winner. The latter receives a prize.

Lady Perley, wife of the acting Prime Minister of Canada, warmly congratulated the members of Women's Auxiliary No. 62, Ottawa, on their work, at a meeting she attended recently.

Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary of the Order, addressed Toledo (O.) Lodge No. 183, on discrimination suffered by Jews in employment, and told what the B'nai B'rith is doing to fight this evil.

Very appropriately, Julius Houseman Lodge No. 238, Grand Rapids, Mich., held a "Hard Times" dance January 20. At the recent election of officers for this lodge, Brother Joseph Siegel was re-elected treasurer for the 25th time.

B. F. Peixotto Lodge No. 421, Salt Lake City, and the local A. Z. A. installed their officers jointly at a recent meeting.

Akron (O.) Lodge No. 719 will hold an initiation and banquet during February to welcome Leonard H. Freiberg, President of District No. 2, and Brother J. J. Freeland.

ACROSS THE SEAS

"WHAT does the B'nai B'rith do?" was a question eloquently answered by Brother H. Samuels in his presidential address before the First Lodge of England, in London.

It is an essential of membership in B'nai B'rith, Brother Samuels declared, that a man be willing to render communal service, but every Jew is a potential asset to the ranks of those who work for the common good. He welcomed all who show themselves ready for disinterested service in the cause of Jewry and humanity, and pointed out that it was in this spirit that the Order moved powerful governments to intervene to stop massacres and oppression of Jews in Europe; in this same spirit that it promotes laws to fight the White Slave Traffic; and establishes Hillel Foundations to prepare the Jewish youth in American universities to take their proper share in guiding Jewish destiny.

"Here in England," he continued, "we see it through its women's lodges —whose ardour is only equalled by their patience. We see the Order managing a home for convalescents, and a hotel for working girls. We see it taking the first step in convening bodies for the purpose of establishing a worthy center of Jewish communal activity in this great city. In the same spirit the Order here offered its cooperation and its encouragement to a Jewish day school struggling to obtain a foothold in an unsympathetic environment, and helped to set that school upon the road to success. It moved other bodies to coperate with it in initiating a Jewish Adult Education movement.

"In America the B'nai B'rith founded the Anti-Defamation League, and in England it is well to recall that the Press Committee of the Board of Deputies owes its origin to our Order. I should like to see a big cooperative effort to extend this useful, nay, essential work, as well as the similar and to a certain extent preliminary work of collating accurate statistics concerning our people. . . . I should like to see the Order in this country throwing its weight on the side of the movement for World Peace."

* * *

ONE of the most interesting activities of the Order across the seas is the B'nai B'rith Garden City near the suburb of Beth Hakerem to the northeast of Jerusalem. A year ago this "City" was formally dedicated; only a few homes were completed at that time, and but a few more under construction. Today 25 houses are completed or nearly completed. The neighborhood is an ideal residential one; the view is magnificent; and each tenant is required to maintain a garden on his grounds. This development is made possible through the B'nai B'rith Housebuilding Fund.

Circumstances in Palestine have pushed interest on loans up beyond the 20% mark in many instances, and such rates are prohibitive to most persons. Through the B'nai B'rith Housebuilding Fund Jews are able to borrow 70% of the money necessary to build a home, provided they furnish the balance themselves. Interest on the loan amounts to less than 6 and the average loan, about $2,500 repayable over a period of 20 ye

As the money is repaid into Fund, it is loaned to others, thus m ing possible an ever-growing num of Jewish home owners in Palesti The potentialities of such an activi as well as the actualities, make absorbing study.

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S. M. LIPKIN was elected presid of Liverpool (Eng.) Lodge 1027 at the annual general meeti of that group. The lodge is arrangi an attractive and vigorous progr for the rest of the season which v not only make the name of the J as a citizen something of which to proud, but will bring the name of lodge before the public eye. The act nature of these plans has not been revealed, but it is understo that they will consist of opening a nues of interest for the Jewish yo in Jewish affairs and bringing th to a keener consciousness of th Jewishness.

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BROTHER Reuben D. Abraham a dressed Shanghai (China) Lod No. 1102 on "The Mosaic Code Modern Times" in the first of a seri of lectures under the auspices of t lodge this season. A full attendan of members and many of their frien enjoyed this scholarly discourse.

The lecturer, after calling the atte tion of his audience to the recent r searches and discoveries in Egypt a Mesopotamia relative to the existen of statutes somewhat similar to tho of Sinai, proceeded to develop h thesis that Israel alone had adher to the discipline entailed by those o dinances.

View of the B'nai B'rith Garden City

Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

pholds Pioneer Jews

litor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Mr. Basch's letter, captioned "Ambassadors Ill Will" in the November, 1930, issue of e B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, recalls to my ind the article "Let Jews Be Americans" by eorge Washington Ochs-Oaks, editor of Current History." Americanism and Judaism go hand in hand. Democracy is supposed mean social equality, and who but Jews undered it down throughout the ages?

Instead of parading the petty faults of forgn born Jews, particularly those who come re from lands of oppression where they ere held in virtual slavery, why don't we quaint our Christian neighbors with their rtues? But instead, we go out of our way educate Christians to the idea that we ourlves are not the loud Jews—that we are fferent. We do that to establish ourselves cially, and really often try to hide that we e Jews.

What is culture—knowing which fork or oon to use? Is it not a refinement of mind d morals and ethics in our social as well as siness relations? What matters it whether Jew reads a Yiddish paper—what has that do with Americanism? Who reads Yiddish pers? Certainly not American born children foreign parents, nor immigrants who came re as children. The men and women who me here in advanced years and who immeately had to make a living and provide for milies, against what to us would be insurountable obstacles—they are the ones who ad Yiddish papers even though many of em are able to read English. Many have rved out great careers.

With a background of thousands of years illustrious history, during which we gave great religion to the world, to say nothing a code of morals, isn't there sufficient maial with which to educate our Christian iends to just what kind of a person a Jew ally is?

Lancaster, Pa. S. H. Livingston.

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ing of Kings Again

ditor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Some time ago the B'nai B'rith was inrumental in suppressing the presentation of rtain anti-Jewish portions of the motion icture, "King of Kings." It was through the ublicity in your magazine at that time that ur congregation was acquainted with the ewish attitude throughout the country wards that motion picture.

We in Vineland had occasion to be cononted with tentative plans for the presentaon of this picture in our community. Rently, a newspaper reporter sitting in on the oard of Education meeting learned that a epresentative group of local ministers had eceived the consent of the Board of Educaon to present "The King of Kings" in the ineland High School Auditorium, as a means secure funds for the unemployed. There re no Jewish members on our Board of Eduation.

Before notices could be placed in the local ewspapers announcing this presentation, the llowing morning, a special meeting of our Board of Trustees was called and a few members of the Board of Education and the ministers were called in. After considerable debate, we were able to convince the members of the Board of Education and the ministers that it would be unwise to present this picture in Vineland, where we have a most cosmopolitan populace, and where, in such urgent times, we need the whole-hearted cooperation of all sects. The picture will not be presented in the High School Auditorium and we have had the promise of the ministers that it will not be shown in their churches or any other building in Vineland.

Leon M. Bardfeld, Secretary.
Beth Israel Congregation, Vineland, N. J.

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Jews Interest Non-Jew

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

Today I saw a copy of the November issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE and I am so much pleased with it that I wish to place my name on your subscribers' list. I am therefore enclosing the price of a year's subscription.

The scope of your magazine, from my hasty perusal, is so varied, the topics so interesting, and the style so pleasing, that I know it will be enjoyed.

I am not a Jew, nevertheless I take an interest in matters that relate to the Jewish people and your Magazine will, I doubt not, give correct views of subjects under consideration and at the same time be well told.

I should like my subscription to begin at once.

Philadelphia, Pa. Samuel C. Trimble.

* * *

Likes Editorial

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I read with a great deal of interest your monthly B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, as I am very much interested in the B'nai B'rith, my dear, sainted father having been a charter member of good old Missouri Lodge No. 22, and the third generation is now in the Order.

Am writing this letter to commend you on the editorial in the November issue entitled, "Yes, We Are Static." I think this is an excellent article and should be reprinted and broadcast for the benefit of our Christian brethren as well as for the Jews. It certainly seems to state the position of our people exactly in relation to our Christian neighbors.

An article of this kind will serve to open the eyes of our Christian friends to what the Jew really stands for and it does it in just the short, concise, clear way. Keep up the good work!

St. Louis, Mo. Abe Manheimer.

* * *

Jewish Books for Children

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I am the captain of a girl scout troop in this city, which consists of Jewish girls only. These girls are in junior and senior high schools and range in age from 10 to 16 years. My motive in keeping this troop restricted to Jewish girls is to present scouting to these girls from a Jewish angle and to awaken in them a Jewish consciousness.

My big problem, during the year and a half in which the troop has been meeting, has been and still is where to get Jewish literature that will interest these girls and yet not "go over their heads." I have hunted in vain in our public library for Jewish poems, stories, books, and plays (modern). I have read several of Ludwig Lewisohn's books and have seen Asch's "Kiddush Ha Shem" and although I enjoyed them very much, especially the play, I know that my girls would not enjoy them since they are not old enough to understand them.

This evening, while reading the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE for October, 1930, I noticed the article by Elmer Lee, "Jewish Books for Jewish Children," and read it with great interest, for it was just the thing I have been looking for.

I would like to know if it would be possible for you to send me a list of Jewish books, poems, and plays that would be interesting to my group of girls.

Los Angeles, Calif. Norma Levenson.

Since the same problem confronts many organization leaders, the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE requested Mrs. Elma Ehrlich Levinger, the well-known authoress of many books for Jewish children, to compile a suitable list of Jewish literature for children from the ages of 8 to 16. She very generously complied with this request, and the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE will be glad to supply a copy of it upon request.—Editor.

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Another Request for Lists

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I was very much interested in reading "Jewish Books for Jewish Children" by Elmer Lee in the October, 1930, issue of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. I would like to receive your suggestions as to appropriate books which can be read to a four year old girl, also where to purchase them.

Flint, Mich. Margaret Dubois.

* * *

Seeks Jewish Culture

Editor, B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE:

I have been reading a few copies of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE and I think it is a most wonderful paper.

I am very much interested in the Magazine and in the Jews and Zion. But I am anxious to learn more. I should like to join a B'nai B'rith auxiliary. Most of all, I would like to read Jewish books and literature. I subscribe to several Jewish papers now but they are not enough. I am embracing the Jewish faith as fast as I can. I am a member of the Zionist Organization of America.

Truman, Ark. Mrs. J. M. Bryant.

Headquarters for Jewish books and information on Jewish books is the Bloch Publishing Co., 31 W. 31st St., New York City.—Editor.

The Lowest Form of Humor

ROSENBAUM and Cahn were rival furriers, with shops located opposite each other on the same street. Cahn noticed that his competitor was doing a much better business than he, and cast about for means to equalize matters. A sign in Rosenbaum's window especially worried him. It read: "We Are Noted For Arctic Furs." Finally inspiration smote Cahn, and the next morning his own window was graced by the following placard:

"We Are Noted For Grosarctic Furs!"

* * *

Let There Be Light

ISAAC, a small shop-keeper, much to the astonishment of his neighbors, suddenly decorated his shop window with a gorgeous new blind. It was the sensation of the street, and few of his friends failed to make some remark to him about it.

"Nice blind you have there, Isaac," said one.

"Yes, Aaron."

"How much did it cost you?"

"It didn't cost me a cent. My customers paid for it."

"What! Your customers paid for it! How come?"

"Well, Aaron, I put a little box on my counter, marked 'For the Blind,' and in two weeks it was paid for."

* * *

Too Good to Be True

BERYL was a-courting, and one evening the conversation lagged considerably. Beryl was doing most of the talking, and Malka didn't have much to say.

"What's the matter, dear," asked Beryl at last, "you haven't said a word for five minutes?"

"Well," replied Malka, "I haven't had anything to say."

"Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?" he teased.

"No," was her reply.

Beryl thought this over for a moment, and then hastily said: "Malka, will you be my wife?"

* * *

Repartee

MRS. GRANT, who lived in the suburbs, went out in her backyard to chat with her neighbor, Mrs. Feigelbaum.

WINNERS of Humoresque awards this month are Miss Anna Paull, Montreal, Can.; Miss Florence Beskin, Minneapolis, Minn.; Meyer Kahan, St. Louis, Mo.; R. Lerner, Montreal, Can.; Joseph Russell, Columbus, O.; and Gerald Groship, Toronto, Can.

"We're going to live in a better neighborhood soon," Mrs. Grant said, loftily.

"So are we," Mrs. Feigelbaum came right back at her.

"You are?" exclaimed Mrs. Grant. "Where are *you* moving?"

"Nowhere," returned Mrs. Feigelbaum, "we're staying here."

* * *

Where There's a Will—

IN the famous town of Chelm, which is noted for its wise and far-seeing men, a heavy snow fell for four days and blanketed the place with a beautiful white covering. The inhabitants rejoiced in the splendor of the snow, and wanted to keep it as clean and undisturbed as possible. This duty was delegated to the *shammus* of the *Schule*. But suddenly some one thought of a difficulty.

"How," asked Chayim, "can the *shammus* keep the snow clean without stepping on it and thus making tracks in it?"

The elders were stumped by this stroke of insight, and debated long and earnestly about it. It remained for Moishe to settle the difficulty.

"Two men," he suggested, "can carry the *shammus*."

* * *

Nominology

REB MOISHE and Reb Jacob were discussing the creation of the world. When they came to the story of Adam and Eve, the first turned to the second and said: "Why did Adam name his wife Eve?"

"Because," retorted the hen-pecked Reb Jacob, "that was the end of his perfect day."

* * *

That's Different!

THE teacher was taking a poll of the different nationalities represented in the third grade. Each child raised its hand when its nationali was called, but the teacher notic that little Audey did not respo when the rest of the Jewish childr did. She didn't raise her hand at a The teacher called out the nations nearly all the world, and still Aud did not raise her hand.

"Audey," exclaimed the teache "Why didn't you raise your han Aren't you Jewish?"

"No," answered the little gi proudly, "I'm a Litvok!"

* * *

A Sure Cure

THE Berlin-Warsaw train was a proaching its destination when prosperous-looking Jew entered t third-class coach, looked arou searchingly, and sat down near a litt old man who was also a Jew. A co versation ensued, during the cour of which the prosperous fellow co plained about his ill health and t failure of specialists to help him.

"I have been," he said, "to Berli Vienna, Paris, and London; I ha spent a fortune and am now retur ing home with no hopes whatsoev of recovery. What shall I do?"

"I know what you should do!" exclaimed. "You can live for a lo time, if you do as I say. Come a live in our town; in its entire histo a rich man never died there!"